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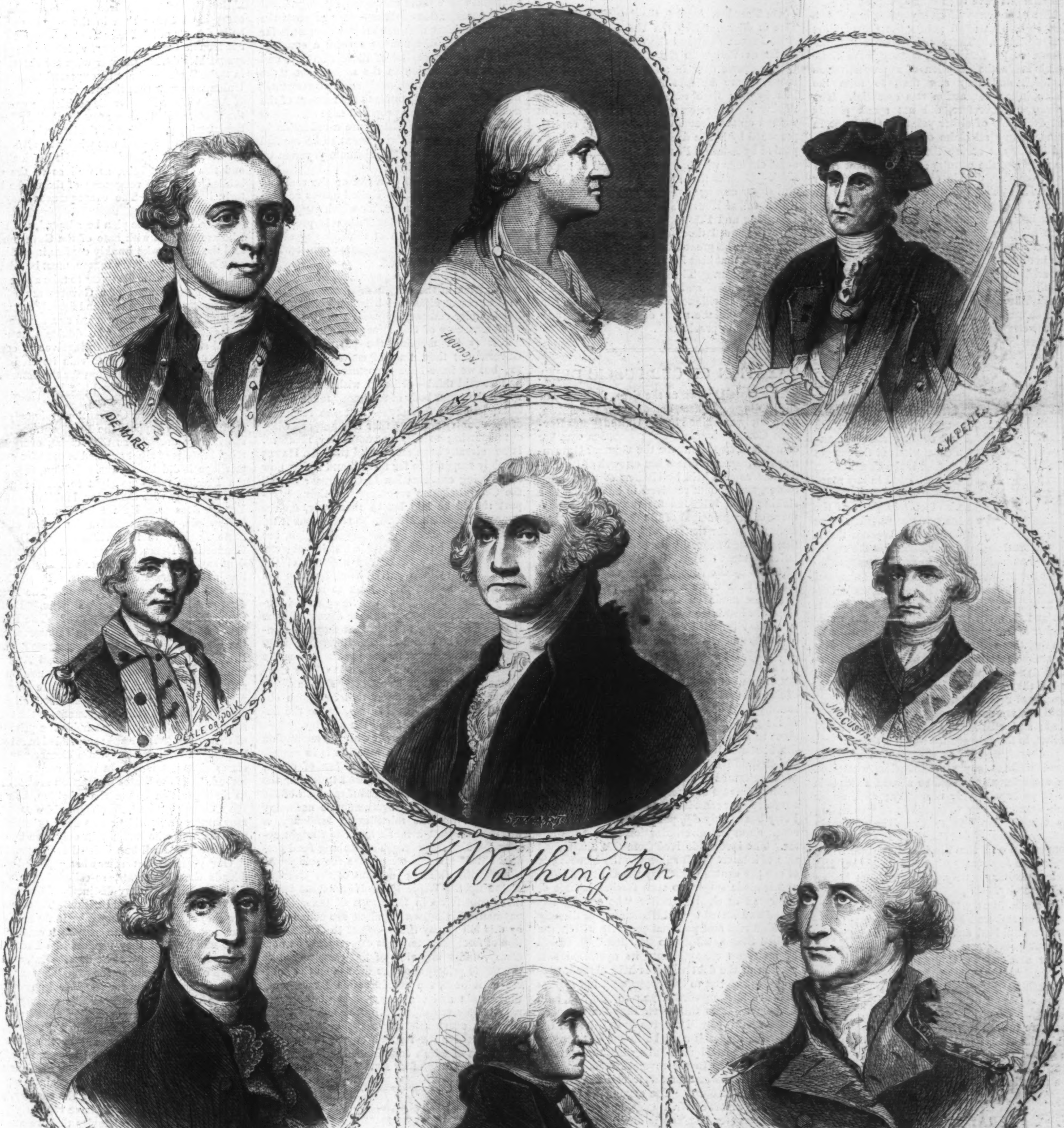
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PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 24, 1866.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

It is now nearly eighty years since the Constitution of the United States was framed. The sagacity which moulded it is attested by the fact that it has adapted itself so long to the necessities of a nation which has increased and extended beyond precedent. No written national constitution has endured so long and prosperously. But wise and skillful as it is, it was the work of men, and, like all human work, it was not perfect. The fathers who made it foresaw that Time would reveal the necessity of change in some of its details, while its great principles of Justice and Liberty would remain forever immutable. They provided, therefore, for its amendment by means which should not in the least degree imperil the stability of the Government established by it, and various amendments have been already adopted.

The experience of eighty years has shown that in two cardinal points the Constitution was defective. These points were not unknown to its framers; but they were those which made the adoption of any constitution doubtful, and they saw that, to form the Union, some concession was essential. The instrument, therefore, did not speak plainly and decisively of either point. It did not in terms destroy all claim of State Sovereignty, and it did not secure the equal rights of all the people of the country; and it is now clear that from that double obscurity the civil war proceeded. The injustice was continued by some of the States, and the doctrine of State Sovereignty was simultaneously inculcated in those States that a convenient constitutional pretext might be found for destroying the nation in order to maintain the injustice. When the crisis came the rebellion justified itself as constitutional, and so thoroughly had the public mind been poisoned that the power of resistance was almost paralyzed. But it rallied, and the struggle was fierce and long, ending in the assertion written in the life-blood of thousands and thousands of American citizens that the doctrine of State Sovereignty is not to be tolerated under any pretense, and that equal rights shall be universal.

It is obvious that after such a struggle the Constitution must be amended; for if we are to have a Constitution it ought certainly to express the most solemn convictions of the people sealed by their blood. And if the Constitution is ever to be enlarged or modified in any manner now is the time. The war is the ghastly proof of the weakness of certain parts of the instrument, and we can never strengthen those parts so securely as now. It is because this is the universal national conviction that the emancipation amendment was so readily accepted.

But the moment that was adopted it changed certain fundamental provisions, and made others necessary. Thus the basis of representation and taxation has hitherto been the whole number of free persons, and, excluding untaxed Indians, three-fifths of all other persons. But the emancipation amendment makes the three-fifths five-fifths who have no political power, and, if they are to be thus counted, a gross inequality of representation is created in favor of those who are most alienated from the Government; and, still further, the consequence will be that, in the very section which is thus unjustly preferred, nearly half the population will be taxed without any representation whatever. An amendment to avoid so absurd a result is therefore imperatively necessary; and, under such circumstances, to complain of "tinkering the Constitution," is to complain of simple justice. The New Hampshire Democratic Convention and the Virginia Legislature are opposed to any constitutional amendment. But such opposition merely proves both its justice and necessity.

In amending the Constitution it will be always remembered by wise men that it is the fundamental law, and should contain only permanent provisions. Temporary objects are better attained by Congressional acts. Yet the fundamental law of the United States will be manifestly imperfect until it guarantees equal rights for every one of the people. We shall gladly hail and support every practicable measure toward this great result; and, meanwhile, let every man who knows that peace and progress are sure only as they are founded upon justice, do what he can to persuade public opinion to believe it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The last solemn rite in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln has now been performed. As the historians at the Grecian games told the traditions of the country to the assembled Greeks, so the historian of the United States has recited the latest chapter of its story to the Congress and all the chief officers of the nation. The orator was most wisely chosen, and his discourse illustrates the immense advantage to a public speaker of severe literary training. Mr. Bancroft, of whom we last week published a portrait and sketch, is so accustomed to a comprehensive view of the sequence and relation of events, and to a graphic relation of them, that he treated the story of the war with thoroughness of grasp, compactness and felicity of description, and a severe but true eloquence. His words are exactly chiseled, and the force and precision of his survey of the civil war in its causes and relations will secure a permanent value to this discourse.

The character of Lincoln himself we could have wished estimated with a subtler sympathy. But it is hard for a man of purely intellectual temperament like the historian heartily to appreciate a simpler and more emotional nature like that of the late President. Posterity will see in him a greater man than his contemporaries can acknowledge. In earlier days the poetic mist of increasing time would have enlarged him in the popular mind to a demi-god. And among all the incidents of his life none will be more fondly prized and remembered than that which Thomas Nast has illustrated in this paper.

On Tuesday, April 4, the day after the capture of Richmond by the Union army, President Lincoln entered the city. He came up as far as Varina in the *River Queen*, and was thence drawn over in an ambulance to Richmond, where he met Admiral Porter, who had by that time reached the wharf in the *Malvern*. About eleven o'clock the President walked up the streets of the late rebel capital, preceded by half a dozen marines, and accompanied by Admiral Porter, Captain Bell, and some citizens who had been apprised of his arrival. Crowds thronged the streets, and chief and eager among them the emancipated race, which called Heaven's benediction upon their Liberator and Friend as he passed by. Ten days afterward those sad eyes that had seen the end of the great labor closed, and the anxious heart that beat for all his countrymen, was stilled forever. The nation that loved him mourns for him, and will long mourn. It will do more. It will secure to the utmost the Liberty which, in the name of the nation, Abraham Lincoln proclaimed.

TAXATION OF OUR PUBLIC DEBT.

It was well known at the time, that many of our leading capitalists, among them Mr. Astor, were lately examined by the United States Revenue Commissioners on the question whether or not it is expedient for the General Government to impose a direct tax on such of its public debt as was held by citizens of the United States, the amount received to be applied to a sinking fund intended for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. The ostensible reason for the imposition of this tax was the supposed necessity for counteracting legislation to meet the growing disposition in favor of a tax by the several States on the income derived from those securities. A report having been made on this subject to Congress since our last issue was made up, the injunction of secrecy imposed on the press is no longer in force, and we are now at liberty to notice this very important proceeding. The draft bill accompanying the report imposes an *annual* tax of one per cent. on the face of that portion of the debt which is payable in currency, and seven-tenths of one per cent. on the principal of the gold-bearing bonds. The tax is equivalent to a reduction of the rate of interest on the Seven-Thirties of one per cent. annually, and on the Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties each of seven-tenths of one per cent. annually, thus leaving the rate of interest on the Five-Twenty bonds $5\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 6, and on the Ten-Forty bonds only $4\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent., an unjust discrimination against the latter. The income derived from this diminished rate of interest is left subject to the income tax of ten per cent. imposed by the United States, and is made subject to such further income or other tax as shall hereafter "be equally imposed and levied upon all incomes, or directly upon all real and personal property within the United States, subject to taxation." The bill by its terms excepts from its operation that portion of the debt which is held abroad, supposed to amount to $300,000,000, but applies to the residue, upward of $2,000,000,000, held at home. It is thus seen that the value of those securities will be greatly impaired if the bill pass, unless it shall be found that the exemption secured by the bill against the schemes of demagogues in the several States amounts to a fair equivalent for this forced reduction in the rate of interest. The arguments presented in the report of Mr. Hayes, one of the Commissioners (for he alone is directly responsible for the measure) in favor of the passage of the bill, are founded in part on the testimony given by those capitalists, a synopsis of which is published with the report; but we see nothing in the evidence thus taken to justify so large a reduction in the rate of interest, and hence we infer that the justification for it is found, if any exist, in the mass of testimony not reported, taken by the Commissioners, to ascertain the effect of present taxation on the industry and future growth of the country. We regret that we are not able to present a view of this testimony, but we can not shut our eyes to the conviction that the fear of State taxation is not the only motive for the bill, but that it is founded also on the apprehension that the burden of the debt will be found too oppressive. The Report states: "Our debt is not excessively large compared with our means of payment. *The interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant.*"......"A general system of indirect taxation on a scale as large as ours will either be abandoned for a better, or it will reduce the masses to pauperism and dependence," etc. The payments for local and general taxes are stated at $597,000,000, or within $112,161,781 of the entire net earnings of the people of the United States for 1860, which are quoted with approbation from the *Social Science Review* at $709,161,781, or 5 per cent. on the whole amount of capital. By adding to the amount of Government tax the per-centages stated as necessarily charged by wholesale and retail dealers before commodities reach consumers, and the payments amount to $112,161,781 over and above those entire net earnings.

An examination of these figures presents the momentous fact that our annual payments for and by reason of all taxes require a constant invasion of the capital of those who pay, and hence the allegation in the report that "the interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant," having reference of course to the amount of the debt. The remedies proposed are:

1. Such a tax as will secure a reduction in the rate of interest, the amount to be applied to a sinking fund for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt.

2. The imposition of a tax on the real and personal property in the United States according to its assessed value, for which purpose an amendment of the Constitution is proposed. This will relieve much of the industry of the United States from the burdens upon it which are now directly imposed.

3. A resort to specie payments, by means of a reduction in the weight of metal equivalent to the present difference between gold and our legal-tender currency.

If measures of this sweeping character are necessary for meeting the payments of the Government they must of course be resorted to; but we have been accustomed to suppose, and we still think—although without the lights which the great body of testimony taken by the Commissioners furnishes—that the resources of the country are ample for this purpose without resorting to this extraordinary measure. It has already been mentioned that Mr. Hayes is solely responsible for the bill and report now undergoing examination in Congress; but all the Commissioners recommended that his report should be laid before that body, on the strength of which Mr. M'Culloch sent it in, specially recommending its consideration, but stating that he disagreed with its objects. The report states that "the majority of the commission upon a partial consideration did not accede to the proposition to recommend the passage of the bill;" but this guarded language shows that they neither dissented from it nor were willing to state that they were unfavorable to its passage. They merely did not agree "to *recommend* its passage." It was the possible fear that the foundations of the Government credit might be seriously shaken which induced the great caution that has been observed in introducing this measure to the deliberations of Congress and the country.

If the alleged discontent with the exemption of the bonds from State taxation is in danger of being aggravated by the action of demagogues into a feeling calculated to impair the value of those securities, and if taxation of the debt by the General Government is necessary to countervail this mischievous tendency, it would seem that a much lower tax might accomplish the purpose. The sinking fund created out of this tax constitutes the sole provision for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. While the holders of the bonds must contribute in the shape of taxes to the payment of interest they alone are called upon by this bill to pay the principal to the exemption of foreign owners. It can scarcely be necessary, under any view of the case, to saddle the whole principal of the debt upon the holders of it here, the consideration for it being the certain and secure payment of the lower rate of interest adjusted by the bill. On the contrary, every interest in the country ought to be taxed alike for this object, the accomplishment of which constitutes the highest and most sacred duty of an American citizen.

DEMOCRATIC SPRING FASHIONS.

The Democratic Conventions of New Hampshire and Connecticut have laid down the Democratic platform for the spring elections. Upon the one important point of reorganization they are logical and consistent. They declare that the Legislatures of the late rebel States having revoked their pretended Acts of Secession, "said States are of right entitled to all the privileges and powers of States belonging to and exercised by them previous to said pretended Acts of Secession." This is the ground which the New York *World* took early last spring, before the complete surrender of the rebels. "Throw down your arms," cried the *World* to its political allies in rebellion, "repeal your Acts of Secession, elect Senators and Representatives, hurry to Washington, and demand a voice in the organization of Congress; and let us see who will dare to oppose you." Probably it has seen. Probably it has discovered that the loyal American people, who were strong enough to conquer rebel arms, were also shrewd enough not to be fooled by rebel arts. Probably it will continue to behold the same spectacle for some time yet.

And now let every honest citizen of Connecticut and New Hampshire, as well as of all the other States, understand exactly what this Democratic platform is. It asserts that South Carolina and Mississippi, having laid down their arms and repealed their Acts of Secession, are again in the Union exactly as New York or New Hampshire are. If this be true military commanders have no right to control the civil authorities in those States as they now do. Yet if the United States troops were withdrawn, every loyal Union man in those States would be in danger of his life. That, of course, does not trouble the Democracy, which, as its party sympathies during the war were for the rebels in those States, can not be expected to care for Union men now that the war is over.

Again, if the Democratic position be correct, the Freedmen's Bureau must be abolished, and the laboring population of the late rebel States, which at every hazard was wholly loyal during the war, must be abandoned to the Black Codes and the Vagrant laws, as well as to the unbridled wrath and vengeance of those who bitterly hate them. The consequences may be imagined.

If the Democratic plan be adopted, the men who are still hot with hate of the Government and the Union, who frankly confess it, and who are elected for that very reason, must be admitted unquestioned to Congress to take a supreme share in the control of a Government whose destruction they have long and fiercely attempted, and which they now regard as a conquering and alien power. He who doubts that they would strain every nerve to involve the country in foreign wars, and to ruin its credit by insisting upon compensation for the losses of the war at the South, has little knowledge of human nature or of history.

These Democratic Conventions solemnly declare that they support the President. Let us see if they do. If, as they claim, every late rebel State is of right entitled to exercise every privilege it did before the rebellion, certainly the President has no right to override their civil authority with the national military power. Yet he does so. He retains General Terry in Virginia, who supersedes the action of the State Legislature in certain cases. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President sustains General Sickles in South Carolina, and Governor Orr submits. Do the New Hampshire Democracy approve? The President sustains the Freedmen's Bureau. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President favors impartial suffrage in Tennessee. Do the New Hampshire Democracy agree? The President approves a Constitutional Amendment limiting the basis of representation to actual voters. The New Hampshire Democracy oppose with true Tory instinct "all proposed or contemplated amendments to the Constitution." The President holds the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended in several States. The New Hampshire Democracy declares that "it is a right which must be preserved." If the States in question are entitled to their position before the rebellion, how do the Connecticut and New Hampshire Democracy support a President who denies them that position, and who insists that only men known to be "loyal" shall be admitted to Congress?

Our pleasant but somewhat "played-out" friends the Democrats, so-called because of their hostility to every distinctive Democratic principle, are at their old tricks. Three years ago they resolved that they were in favor of the war, but were opposed to carrying it on. Now they resolve that they support the President but are opposed to what he does. But, really, as the old judge said to the young lawyer that the court might be supposed to know some law, so the loyal people of this country, who have saved its Government from armed rebellion at the South and Copperhead sympathy at the North, may be supposed by this time to understand the huge political imposture called the Democratic party. From the moment the people of the United States, plainly seeing whither this party was driving the country, put it out of power, its oracles have regularly proclaimed with owlish solemnity that we are all going to the "demnition bow-wows." Journals which unscrupulously supported Horatio Seymour, who declared he would give up the Union rather than Slavery, and which strenuously advocated the election of George H. Pendleton, an open disunionist, against Andrew Johnson, now inform the people who elected Andrew Johnson that they are his true and only supporters and the bosom friends of the Union. We are in great peril, they tell as plaintively, as they have told us for five years past, but all can be avoided upon one little condition. If the people would only comprehend! If they would only see that to put the country out of danger it is only necessary to put the political allies of Jefferson Davis and the legatees of the Chicago Convention into power! In a word, if they would only believe—and with the experience of the last five years how can they help it?—that the Democratic party are the sole friends of the Union and of the Government and of Andrew Johnson! Yes, if you only believed a green cheese to be the moon! When they do believe that, the people will intrust the Government to the political allies of its enemies, and not until then.

COLORADO.

The Senators from Colorado have been admitted to the floor of the Senate, and their admission to seats is warmly urged in some quarters. But before that is done Congress will doubtless thoroughly investigate the facts of the case.

It will then appear that in March, 1864, an enabling act was passed by Congress, but the people of the Territory, at a legal election in September of that year, decided against the admission under the Constitution proposed. In the summer of 1865 an informal call was issued by the Territorial Committees of both parties for a Constitutional Convention, and an election was held—or, rather, since there was no law, an expression of opinion was taken, for delegates to the Convention, and subsequently for a Constitution and a Legislature. The Constitution was adopted by a majority of the votes cast, and the Legislature was chosen in pursuance of the Constitution. The Legislature elected Messrs. Evans and Chaffee Senators, and they went to Washington. Upon their arrival they requested the President to proclaim Colorado a State. But the President very properly replied that his whole authority in the matter was derived from the enabling act, and as the Constitution submitted to the people of the Territory in pursuance of that act had been declined by them, its force had expired, and with it his authority. He therefore referred them to Congress.

The whole proceeding, therefore, from the call of the Committees to the election of the Senators, must be regarded as a petition of certain people of the Territory that it be erected into a State; and the labor of Congress is made all the more difficult because it must explore every detail. An enabling act is a convenient method devised by Congress to ascertain the wishes and conditions of a Territory in regard to a State Constitution. If there shall appear to be a sufficient population; if a majority, upon a fair vote, accept a Constitution framed by delegates elected in pursuance of the enabling act; and if the conditions of the Constitution are in the judgment of Congress republican—then it may, at its pleasure, admit the Territory as a State. But it is absolutely unbound except by its own discretion. It may refuse to admit a State formed in virtue of an enabling act if the Constitution is unsatisfactory, and it may admit a State without an enabling act if it is fully satisfied upon all those points upon which it is the purpose of an enabling act to satisfy it.

Now it is very strongly urged that the whole population of the Territory of Colorado is not more than 25,000—men, women, and children; that of the 5874 votes cast for the Constitution under the call of the committees there was a majority in its favor of only 155, and that at least 2000 men refrained from voting on the ground of the illegality of the election. The Constitution thus adopted excludes colored men from the suffrage, although we have the testimony of a miner to the fact that such men enjoy the benefit of the Homestead Act, preempt lands of the United States, discover and mine the Government mineral lands, have never been deprived of any rights by the district laws of the miners, and are quiet, industrious people, and many of them rich. Moreover, this Constitution disfranchised them at the very moment they were volunteering into the army.

These statements will, of course, be satisfactorily proved or disproved before Congress acts finally upon the question of admission. The action of the voters upon the Constitution was not authorized by Congress, and merely informally expresses the wishes of certain inhabitants of the Territory. This fact being borne in mind, we may all trust Congress to see that no injustice is done any resident of Colorado.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

No man who knew the White House in the dreary days of Pierce and Buchanan could have believed that in less than six years after they left it, a man who in their time was a slaveholder and a Southern democrat would stand in that House as President and say to a delegation of colored men, headed by a fugitive slave and pleading for absolute equal rights: "I would it were so that all you advocated could be done in the twinkling of an eye;" and adding, that they were pursuing the same end but by different means. We confess that we are more cheered by this fact and these words than surprised or disheartened that the President does not agree as to methods and times with Mr. Douglass and his friends.

The President's position is plain. Let us see if it is one that should bitterly disappoint or discourage those who believe that an honorable and peaceful Union can be established only upon equal rights. He is not opposed to impartial suffrage, but he thinks it better that those who are now vested with the political power in any State should decide when and how it is expedient to extend it to others. Looking at the actual situation, he is of opinion that the morbid hate of the colored race, upon the part of the whites, in the unorganized States, and the fact that the colored population there is in general landless, homeless, ignorant, and habitually dependent, are sufficient reasons for not enfranchising them by what he regards as an unconstitutional exercise of power. The consequence of such action, however just in itself, he considers would be a conflict of races, and even were it probable that the blacks could hold their own against the whites in the contest, he supposes, and he is doubtless right in the supposition, that in such an event the hostility of the whole country would be aroused against the unfortunate colored population and postpone indefinitely the establishment of equal rights. It is better therefore he thinks, as a matter of expediency, to maintain the personal freedom of the colored race, to give them land and protect them in its cultivation, to defend all their civil rights by the arm of the United States, to promote their education, and by all these means to enable them to acquire a habit of self-support and self-respect, to show the whites that they are a permanent and integral part of the population, to allow Time to soothe the angry passions that follow so fierce a war, and by making it the overpowering interest of the present political community in which they live to enfranchise them, to secure that result by consent and not by arbitrary enactment.

Now if, as many assert, he proposed to leave the freedmen at the South naked to their enemies by withdrawing the troops, by abolishing the Freedmen's Bureau, and by restoring the privilege of the *habeas corpus*—if, in a word, the President were in favor of the Democratic policy in the matter, he would be scorned and repudiated by every humane and honorable man. But it is not so. He thinks and says a great deal more. He virtually says to the freedmen: "The United States will secure to you all that the ballot would secure until the ballot is given to you by those who, in my judgment and in that of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, alone have the right to give it. But I will do all that I can to make them see that it is their interest to give it to you by recommending, as I have frequently done, that representation shall be based upon the number of voters. I do not propose to leave you defenseless to your enemy panoplied in political power. I do not mean to arm the strong or cast down the weak. And if I can not do what you wish directly and in your way, I shall yet do it indirectly and in my way."

This is certainly an intelligible and consistent position. Its weak point, however, is evident. It makes the Freedmen's Bureau stand in the place of the ballot to the colored population of the late Slave States. But it admits to Congress those who deprive the freedmen of the ballot, and allows them to vote whether the Bureau shall be continued. If the enemies of the freedman shall at this time have an increased representation based upon his freedom—as they will have unless the unorganized States be required to adopt the amendment—we shall have done what we can to deprive the freedman of the only defense we promise him. And when the States in question are thus disproportionately represented, and succeed by various combinations in overthrowing the Bureau, what can absolve this nation from the enormous guilt of conferring freedom upon a race, yet, while it had the power, refusing to secure it? And when the late slaves are once more wholly in the hands of the late masters, the victims of Black Codes and Vagrant Laws, how will the President have led them through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace?

But no man, however he may differ with the President as to methods and details, has any right to doubt the sincerity of his purpose; and no intelligent man but must applaud and adopt his words, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and should feel wholly at liberty to differ, and to state the ground of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside." For ourselves we believe that Andrew Johnson means what he says: "God knows that any thing I can do in the mighty process by which the great end is to be reached—any thing I can do to elevate the races, to soften and ameliorate their condition, I will do; and to be able to do so is the sincere wish of my heart."

JOHN BRIGHT.

In his late speech at Birmingham Mr. Bright expressed the opinion that education is more likely to follow than precede political enfranchisement. He said: "I have just seen a report of a speech delivered last night by Mr. Walkin, who has recently returned from the United States. Speaking of education, he says that, taking the nine Northern States to contain 10,000,000, and half of the people, he found there were 40,000 schools, and an average attendance of 2,133,000 children, the total cost of their education being $9,000,000. In the four Western States, with a population of 6,100,000, there are 37,000 schools, and an average attendance of nearly 1,500,000 scholars, at a cost of $1,250,000. Thus, in a population of 16,000,000, there are 77,000 schools, to which every poor child can go, at a cost of £2,000,000 sterling." Mr. Bright thought this rather creditable to our American cousins. "But," he added, "if the franchise in the United Kingdom were as wide as it is in these Northern and Free States, within five years there would be established in this country a system of education as universal as that which produces such admirable results among our cousins across the Atlantic."

In his subsequent speech at Rochdale Mr. Bright entered in detail into the argument for the political enfranchisement of "that great section of five millions of families;" "this unenfranchised people, without whom England would be nothing but a power which a division of the Continental army might subdue and annex." He claims the suffrage for them, however, not as men or British subjects, but as a class; and in that he touches the exact difference between our government and the British. Ours is a government of equal citizens; the British of balancing classes; and the present problem of "Reform" in England is how to adjust the representation of the most numerous class to that of the other classes, so as not to put the control entirely into the hands of one class.

It seems to be probable that the persistent and intelligent agitation of Mr. Bright will compel Earl Russell to signalize the close of his public career by a Reform bill which will widely extend the suffrage in England.

LITERARY.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters" is now issued by the Harpers. It was sometime in course of publication before it was suspected or known to be hers, and the deep interest it excited, with the curiosity as to the author, was a most gratifying confirmation of her genuine talent. The art of the story is remarkable. It is finished with a fidelity and dramatic skill and propriety which are very unusual among present novelists. It is not a sketch boldly dashed in, nor a caricature, nor a striking exaggeration, compensating for its intrinsic defects by its picturesqueness and eloquence and humor, but it is a picture of life and character maturely conceived and elaborately and conscientiously made out, with the grace and spirit and facility of a master. Some of its characters are so vividly drawn that they rise almost to the rank of permanent creations, like Mrs. Gibson and Miss Browning; but the great excellence of the tale is the delicacy and sustained skill with which the action of the various characters upon each other is described. It is wonderfully successful in showing the complexity of human character, the play of mixed motives; the inconsistencies and falsities which constantly check respect, yet are themselves modified in turn, and do not prove those who have them to be wholly monsters or criminals. And the contrast is exquisitely rendered, although never emphasized by the author, between superficial, unsteadied, fascinating characters of good impulses and kindly but selfish feelings, and the simple, sweet steadfastness of character rooted in principle. The humor of the Miss Browning household is delightful, and recalls the pleasantest passages of "Cranford," while the entire action of the story has perfect freedom and ease of movement. The morality is of the truest kind, whatever the actual end may have been; for the story was not quite finished, although its necessary conclusion is plainly seen. The death of the author with the pen yet in her hand gives a touching and tender interest to the work. But its essential merit will always give it place among the best of contemporary novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner continued his speech on the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, the substitute for the Freedmen's Bureau bill offered by the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs was passed, 136 to 33. The substitute differs from the Senate bill only in minor details, such as the salary of officers, etc.—The bill giving the assent of Congress to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson Counties from Virginia to West Virginia was passed.

February 7:

In the Senate, the House bill to prevent the reissue of registers to American vessels whose registers were changed during the war was called up. Mr. Sherman opposed the bill as too severe. It would only injure the American Marine. The bill was passed, 31 to 12.—Mr. Wilson's joint resolution to Amend the Constitution so as to provide that slaveholders shall never receive compensation for emancipated slaves was referred to the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Wilson made a lengthy argument in favor of the resolution.—The Constitutional Amendment being in order, Mr. Fessenden replied to some objections which had been urged against it in the Senate and the House. He did not think the amendment subversive of republican principles as Mr. Sumner had argued. He did not think either that the Committee of Fifteen had transcended their proper functions, as had been urged in the House, in reporting the Amendment. The subject had been referred to them, and they could not evade it. He had as much reverence for the Constitution as other men, but he did not deem it more perfect than those deemed it who had made it. Why did they make provision for its amendment? If there ever could arise an occasion for revising the provisions of that instrument, it was now. We had had a great war which had resulted in the emancipation of slaves. The Constitution had been formed at a time when it had to be adapted to the existence of slavery. This was the case in regard to representation. It might be objected that the Constitution in this instance regulated itself, and that the negroes now made free came to be of the whole number of population to be counted as a basis of representation. But Slavery *had existed*, the slaves had been freed contrary to the inclination of those among whom they must live, and the prejudice against the negroes as a class would exclude them from all political rights. Leaving the Constitution as it is there would be representation for all, but there would be an entire class excluded from any voice in the government, and therefore from any real representation. The result would be that the powers of the oligarchical interest would be increased by just that amount of representation which was denied to the blacks. Why not propose a simple amendment in the terms proposed by the Senator from Missouri, to do away with all distinction on account of color or race in all the States of the Union, so far as regards civil and political rights and immunities? He would prefer something of that kind at once. There were not many Senators within the sound of his voice who would not prefer it; yet the Committee had not recommended such a provision, and he stood there to approve what the Committee had recommended. The position of the Missouri Senator would compel the Southern States either to limit their suffrage or extend it too far for their own safety. The Senator from Massachusetts would hardly contend that at this time the mass of the population of the Slave States were fit to exercise the right of suffrage. No man looking at the question dispassionately would contend that those so recently slaves were fit to vote. The consequence would be, that the Slave States must admit all or make an exclusion that would cut off not only the negro population but a large proportion of the whites. This would place the power in the hands of a few. This might not prevent him from putting such a provision in the Constitution, if he could, for he should trust to time to do away with the immediate consequences for evil. However this might be, he was not convinced that suffrage was such a natural right that it must be conferred upon any freeman. The argument of Mr. Sumner would apply to women as well as to freedmen. Mr. Fessenden then explained that the Committee had not reported an amendment abolishing distinction of color instead of the pending measure, because it was believed that it could not get the requisite number of States, and there would be no hope of its adoption. Connecticut and Wisconsin had refused to adopt a similar measure in their own territory. All the Western States seemed to be opposed to it. New York would not consent to it. The pending measure was the best that was practicable. "It gives to any State a right to be represented according to population, with this distinction: that if a State says that it has a class of people not fit to be represented that class shall not be represented."

In the House, the Senate resolution to appropriate $10,000 to pay the expenses of the Reconstruction Committee was passed.

February 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Lane made a speech on the Amendment. He thought the rebel States not yet fit to enter the Union. The representatives from Tennessee he would admit now. In Arkansas he believed men had been elected who might be admitted.—The Freedmen's Bureau bill, as amended by the House, was passed.

In the House, the bill for the disposal of public lands for homesteads in the Southern States was passed, 112 to 29.

February 9:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson made a speech on the Amendment. He claimed that the limitation of the representation to three-fifths of the slaves instead of allowing representation for the whole number, in the original Constitution, was on account of the fact that they *were* slaves. Now that they were free the spirit of the Constitution demanded that all should be reckoned. He said that only six States allowed suffrage to negroes, while thirty refused it. Exclusive of the rebel States there was a majority of those opposing negro suffrage.

In the House there were three military visitations, which appeared to very much excite the members. No important business was transacted.

February 10:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, the session was taken up in speeches by Messrs. Ward, Delano, and Williams.

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL VIEWS.

In President Johnson's recent address to the Virginia Delegation he expresses his views of the financial situation of the country in the following terms: "If these (the Southern) States be fully restored, the area for the circulation of the national currency, which is thought by some to be inflated to a very great extent, will be enlarged, the number of persons through whose hands it is to pass will be increased, the quality of commerce in which it is to be employed as a medium of exchange will be enlarged, and then it will begin to approximate, what we all desire, a specie standard. If all the States were restored, if peace and order reigned throughout the land, and the industrial pursuits, all the avocations of peace were again resumed, the day would not be far distant when we could put into the commerce of the world $250,000,000 or $300,000,000 worth of cotton and tobacco, and the various products of the Southern States which would constitute in part a basis of this country. Then instead of the cone being inverted we should reverse the position and put the base at the bottom, as it ought to be, and the currency of the country will rest on a sound and enduring basis, and surely that is a result which is calculated to promote the interests not only of one section, but the whole country, from one extremity to the other."

NEWS ITEMS.

There are upward of forty-two thousand destitute persons in Alabama, who will require an expenditure of upward of two million of dollars per annum to relieve their necessities.

The Portage (Wisconsin) *Register* announces the death of Joseph Crele, the aged veteran of one hundred and forty-one years, which occurred on the 27th of January, after a brief illness. Mr. Crele was the oldest man in the world; our readers will remember that we gave his portrait a few months since.

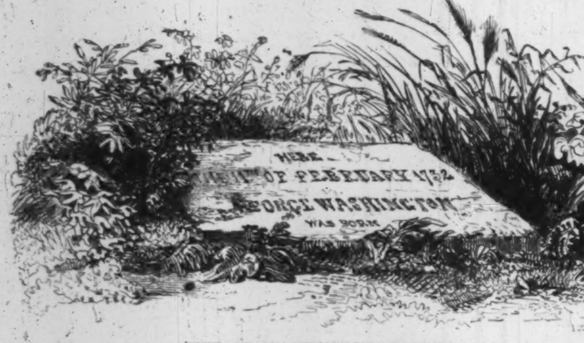
From some statistics made up at the War Department of the casualties to our general officers during the war it appears that we had eight Major-Generals and seventeen Brigadier-Generals killed outright in battle, while two Major-Generals and nine Brigadier-Generals died of wounds received in action, and seventeen Generals of the two ranks died of disease. In the year 1862 our losses of general officers in battle were very heavy, numbering no less than fifteen, while during the present year, or from the end of 1864 to the close of the war, we lost but one General, though the fighting was great and decisive.

FOREIGN NEWS.

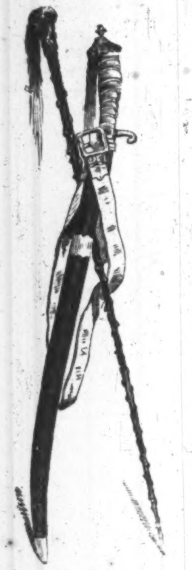
The most important item of foreign news is the speech of the Emperor Napoleon to the Corps Legislatif January 22. In this speech the Emperor says that arrangements are being made to withdraw the French troops from Mexico; and it is hoped this will pacify the people of the United States, who were originally invited to join the allied expedition, but declined, although such expedition was not opposed to their interests. The following is the paragraph in the Emperor's speech relating to Mexico:

"In Mexico, the government founded by the will of the people is becoming consolidated; the non-contents, vanquished and dispersed, have no longer any leader. The national troops have shown their worth, and the country has found guarantees of order and security which have developed its resources and raised its commerce with France alone from twenty-one to seventy-seven millions. According to the hope which I expressed last year, our expedition is approaching its termination. I am coming to an understanding with the Emperor Maximilian for fixing the period for recalling our troops; so that the return may be effected without compromising the French interests which we have to defend in that distant country."

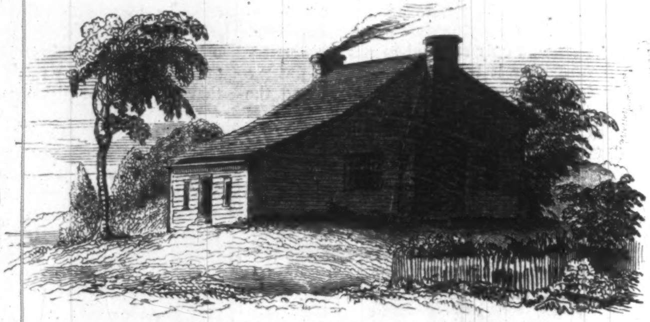
THE BIRTH-PLACE, HOME, AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



SITE OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.



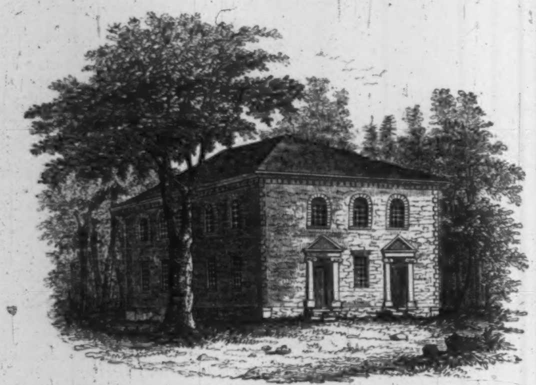
SWORD AND STAFF.



RESIDENCE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

George Washington's birth-place was destroyed before the Revolution. Upon its site George W. P. Custis, Esq., Washington's Aid-de-camp, placed a slab of free-stone, represented in the above engraving. The house was precisely the same in appearance as the Residence of the Washington Family, shown in the engraving opposite. It was a plain homestead of one story and attic, situated on the "Wakefield Estate," near the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Va. The stone which marks the site was deposited in its place in June, 1815. It was enveloped in the Star-Spangled Banner, and laid upon the spot by four Revolutionary patriots and soldiers. The pedestal was constructed of bricks from the old chimney that once formed the hearth about which Washington played in his infancy. This was the first monumental stone ever erected to the memory of Washington.

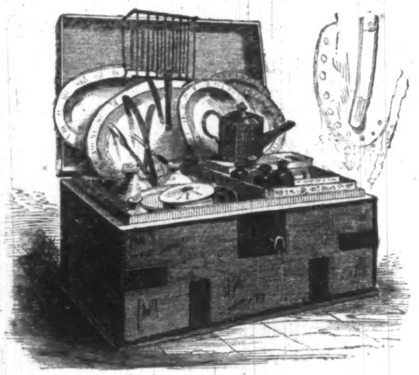
The residence of the Washington family, in the engraving already alluded to, was situated on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, and was owned by Washington's father. It was soon after Washington's birth, in 1732, that his parents removed to this estate. The mansion has long since gone to decay.



POHICK CHURCH.

In the rooms of the National Institute (a portion of the Patent Office Building) at the Capital are to be seen Washington's Sword and Staff. The sword is inclosed in a black leather sheath, with silver mountings. The handle is ivory, colored a pale green, and wound spirally with silver wire. The belt is more ancient, having upon it a silver plate on which is engraved "1757." The staff belonged to Franklin, and was by him bequeathed to Washington. It had been presented to Franklin by a French dowager Duchess, Madame De Torbach.

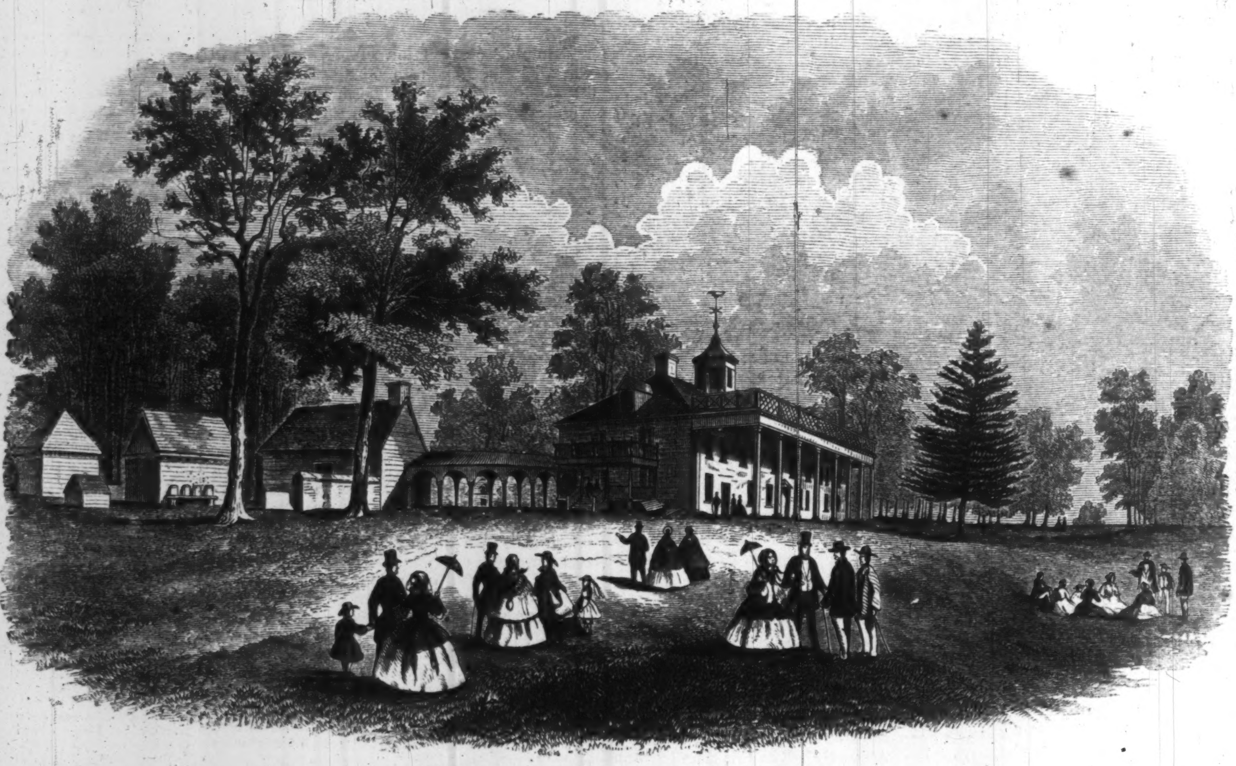
Near the Staff and Sword stand Washington's Camp-Chest, of which we give an illustration. This is an old-fashioned hair trunk, twenty-one inches in length, fifteen in width, and ten in depth, filled with table furniture used by the chief during the Revolution. The compartments are so ingeniously arranged that they contain a gridiron, a coffee and tea pot, three tin sauce-pans, five glass flasks, three large meat dishes, sixteen plates, two knives and five forks, a candlestick and tinder-box, tea and sugar boxes, and five small bottles.



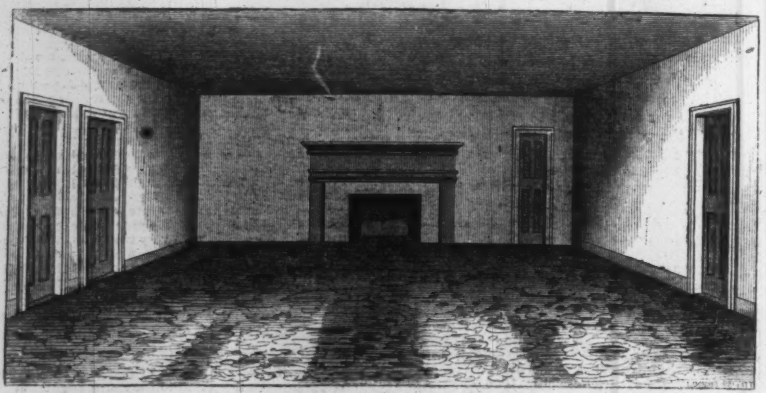
WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST.

Pohick Church, where Washington worshiped, is about seven miles from Mount Vernon, upon an elevation on the borders of a forest of oaks, chestnuts, and pines. The Mansion at Mount Vernon was occupied by Washington both before and after the War for Independence had been fought. It overlooks the waters of the Potomac and the shores of Maryland beyond. Washington's mansion is built of wood, cut so as to resemble stone, and is two stories in height. The central part was built by Lawrence Washington, brother of the General. Washington himself added the wings. On the eastern or river front is a piazza, extending the entire length of the building. The estate passed into Washington's hands July 26, 1752. The large north room in which he entertained his friends is preserved, with the furniture in the same condition in which he left it. Upon the walls are pictures of hunting and battle scenes. The Room in which Washington Died is closed to the public gaze. The architecture of the room remains unchanged. It is entirely empty, as represented in our engraving.

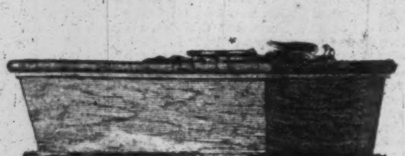
The Tomb of Washington is a spacious vault of brick, with an arched roof. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, in which, seen through a picketed iron gate, stand two marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of Washington and his wife. Over the vault door is this inscription: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The tomb is situated near the pathway from the river.



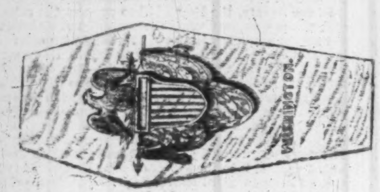
MANSION, LAWN, AND OUT-HOUSES, MOUNT VERNON.



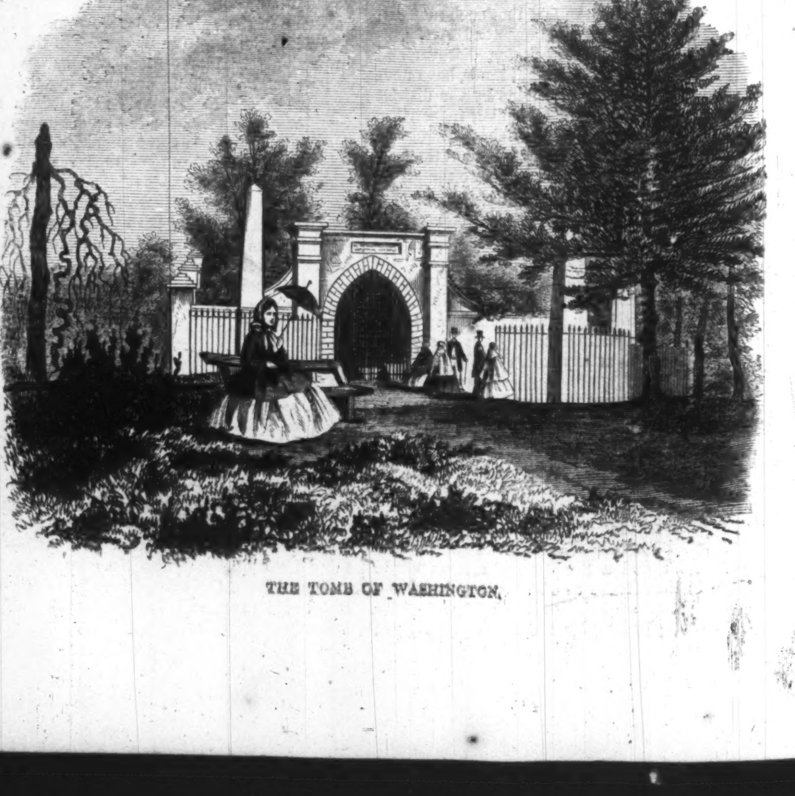
ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, December 14, 1799.



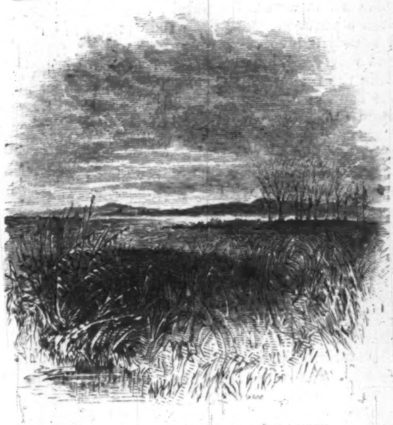
WASHINGTON'S COFFIN.



THE LID.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

Dedicated to the Memory of William C. Dithridge,[*]
Fifth Regiment, Excelsior Brigade.

The low wind sighs o'er a Southern plain
That once was strewn with the battle slain;
And the moist earth drinks the falling rain,
That once was wet with a blood-red stain.

Dark, lowering clouds the heavens o'erspread,
Whence the battle smoke has long since fled;
And where voiceless lay the fallen dead
A nameless grave is seen instead.

Through the leafless woods the low winds creep,
As a sobbing moan from the loved who weep;
And with aching hearts their vigils keep
For one in a nameless grave asleep.

The withered grass 'neath the falling rain
O'er the grave bends low like ripened grain;
But weary hearts, though bowed with pain,
His nameless grave shall seek in vain.

In forest wild and meadow green
May be many a lowly hillock seen;
A patriot heart from the tempest keen
Each nameless grave for aye shall screen.

'Neath this low mound lies one who gave
A life to God—the right to save;
Too noble thou to live a slave—
Thou fillest now a nameless grave.

Slumber, loved one! sweetly sleep:
Thou art at rest—the living weep;
Green thy memory here we'll keep,
For we on earth thy life-fruits reap.

Rest thee, dear one! Not in vain
Hath thy life-star set in pain;
For thou the holy place shall gain
The noble dead alone attain.

On wings triumphant from the tomb
Rise, patriot spirit! This thy doom:
"Enshrined for aye in vernal bloom,
A nation's heart shall be thy tomb."

Pittsburg, Pa., *Jan.* 7, 1866. G. W. D.

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[*] "Missing" since the second Bull Run engagement, August 31, 1862.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

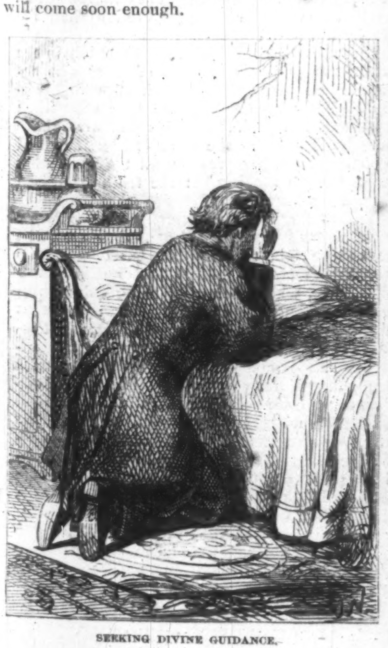
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

Let us linger a few moments longer before we plunge again into the stormy epoch of Secession with which these pages began. We will loiter but a moment. Heaven knows Secession will come soon enough.



SEEKING DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Blessed forever be the quickening of the sap in the veins, the putting forth of leaves and tender blossoms hued like the rainbow, the eager joy of beginning the earliest rudiments of future fruit—the spring-time of youth! Never physician entered upon the case of his first patient, never lawyer undertook the business of his first client, never painter began his first painting, nor sculptor his first statue, nor poet his first poem, with more eagerness than did the young minister engage in his new charge. Only his was a diviner joy than theirs, as his work was a diviner work. He had dreamed of it all while yet a boy, for, from his earliest remembrance, the ministry had been the purpose of his life. A hundred times had he planned exactly what he would do, and what he would most carefully not do, after having charge, while yet in college. As to his three years in the Theological Seminary, not a day but he had determined upon some new evil to be avoided in his future ministry, upon some new virtue to be practiced. During all the long years going before, he had never known one of his own proposed profession, thrown with him in biography or in person, but he had said to himself, "By the help of God, when I enter the ministry, I will never, never be this and that as I see it in this individual. God helping me, even this heroism, this habit, this success which adorns this man shall be equaled, if it please God, surpassed, when *I* am fairly upon the stage."

That memorable morning after his arrival in Somerville, when he awoke in Rutledge Bowles's office, there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, it was a feeling half of pleasure and half of terror with which he realized that his life's business, for which he had been so long training, praying, dreaming, was at last fairly entered upon. Ah, how fervently did he pray for aid as he knelt beside his neat bed! What expressions of his own inability to do aught unaided on his lips, and what perfect confidence of being able to accomplish every thing throbbing the same instant in his heart! No patriarch more dignified than he in conducting family worship that morning in Mrs. Bowles's parlor beneath the steady stare of the old Major from his gilded frame, Mrs. Bowles in her low sewing-chair, her daughter Alice upon an ottoman at her feet, and the two family servants seated solemnly near the door. Had he persisted, as he began, in reading the chapter expressly and definitely to Mrs. Bowles and her daughter, his manner would have continued artificial; but, from long habit, after the first six or eight verses, he became deeply and devotionally interested in the words, and read them accordingly. And so of his prayer: nothing could be more natural because nothing could be more sincere. Were it only for the effect of it on one's consequent bearing toward his fellows, it is an admirable thing to possess a deep and habitual reference to, and heart-felt belief in, One supremely above the whole of us.

"The head of the table, did you say?" asked Mr. Arthur a few minutes after, as they were seating themselves at the breakfast-table.

"If you please, Mr. Arthur, the *foot* of the table," said Mrs. Bowles, with a slight South Carolinianism of stress upon the word.

It was a dreadful moment for the bashful theologian, fresh from the barbarism of three years' eating with slouched and slipshod companions in the seminary refectory. His cheeks burned, and Alice's eyes danced with fun. But all the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the world can not destroy the true gentleman in a man where it exists by nature.

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Bowles," he said, with a frank smile, after pronouncing the blessing, and with perfect ease of manner; "but I have been living for the last several years like a sort of Robinson Crusoe upon a species of desert island."

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Bowles, to whom his manner was as an Open Sesame, while Alice's mirth became diminished as she found it shared with their guest himself. And so, during the pauses of the breakfast, their new acquaintance gave them in a humorous manner some description of his scholastic life. It was doubly interesting to the mother from the fact that her son was at college in Columbia.

"Really, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last, "it is almost like having Rutledge Bowles on a visit home from Columbia. He always occupied since the death of his father the seat you are now in. You remind me of him, I assure you." Higher compliment than that no new acquaintance could receive from her lips. "You were not educated at Columbia, Mr. Arthur?"

"At Hampden Sydney, Madam," replied her guest.

"In Virginia, I think it is?" asked she. Not quite as low down as Yale or Princeton; however, he was not to blame, she felt sure. Mr. Arthur replies in the affirmative. "You are a native of Virginia, I think?"

"Yes, Madam."

"You did right, quite right to enter an institution in your own State," said Mrs. Bowles, glad to find a defense for him. "I dare say they are not so extravagantly expensive where you were educated. I am almost shocked at Rutledge Bowles's expenditure. I suppose, however, his situation in such a place as Columbia requires greater expense than in other places."

And terribly expensive the fond mother did find her son's education there; but she stinted herself proudly for it; she mentioned it with unconscious pride in her tones; it was part and parcel of being at Columbia.

"Though, while we are upon the subject, there is one thing in regard to Columbia I have never yet fully understood," said Mrs. Bowles, after a while. "Rutledge Bowles has explained it to me over and over again in his letters—the perpetual revolutions in the College, I mean. From what Rutledge Bowles writes it has been impossible for the students to pursue, consistently with their own honor, any other course. It seems strange that the many Faculties of the College can not come to understand, any of them, what the youth of South Carolina are, and what they will not submit to. Strange! It is a great interruption to the studies, I fear. I know very little of the institutions out of the State; but I fear it is something peculiar to Columbia," said Mrs. Bowles, though her fear sounded far more like pride.

Yes, in the history, eventful enough, of the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, you have, in epitome, the character and history of the State itself. Self-will, contempt for rightful authority, reckless disregard of every thing except the selfish abstraction of the hour! Gallant, generous, high-toned youth, *they* yield their own notions to that of their Faculty? No, Sir! Rather than that, let the institution be wrecked to its foundation! Rather than that, let their own education, and consequent success in life, perish! See the same youth when grown a few inches higher in stature and immeasurably more generous, gallant, high-toned, and all the rest; *they* submit their own ideas to the superior authority of the General Government? they yield a hair's-breadth from their own heated view of their own rights and wrongs—imprescriptible rights, infinite wrongs? By all that elevates the man above the brute and the negro, never, Mr. Speaker, never! Rather, Sir, let the General Government be wrecked till not a spar floats to tell where once it sailed! Rather perish the hope of the human race! Above all, rather, Mr. Speaker, we of South Carolina lose every negro from our fields, every cent from our coffers, every city from our soil, every son on the field of battle from our hearth-stones! Perish the universe and we, Sir, we with it, rather than it move save as we intend it shall move! From his birth to his death never in the ages such a conspiracy as against your South Carolinian. Nurse, parent, schoolmaster, College Faculty, General Government, opinion of Christendom, course of God's eternal providence—one early-begun, universal, incessant combination against him. But not more magnificent the coalition than the defiance thereof on his part!

Poor Mrs. Bowles! From its foundation was practical Secession the incidental but leading part of the Columbia Curriculum, and well was the lesson learned. The yellow-fever is, they say, a standing affair in Cuba; and there lives scarce a man beside the Pedees, the Congaree, the Edisto, and the Cooper and Ashley but inhaled Secession as his vital atmosphere. It was too strong even for the Gospel. Heaven defend us, even in the conventions of religious bodies. It was: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Moderator, it is painful to us, Sir, it is very painful, but on this point we can not yield. No one can regret it more than ourselves, but, if brethren *will* press this point, there is, Sir, but one course left us—*In seculæ seculorumque, aut South Carolina aut nullus.*

Sturdy, wrong-headed little State! Look at it on the map there, altogether unlike North Carolina even on the one side, and Georgia on the other; tough, three-sided fragment of medieval granite, refusing to be dissolved or to lose an angle even in the rolling of the great waters of progress; requiring something besides the silent, serene processes of nature by which the craggy mountains are being melted slowly down and the rough globe rounded into shape; requiring the extra force and fury as of waters too long and too obstinately dammed back from their natural and inevitable course. Every soul of us, however, admires the South Carolinian at last. Only let him be master, and a truer gentleman never breathed. The Hardkoppig Peit in him is hidden under the Bayard, the Cœur de Leon. He is only a hundred years or so out of place, that is all. There is nothing to laugh at in Don Quixote except his living a century or two too late. Even then it is with pain that we smile at the ancient armor, language defiant of the universe, and, most sorrowful of all, poor old Rosinante which bears him up!

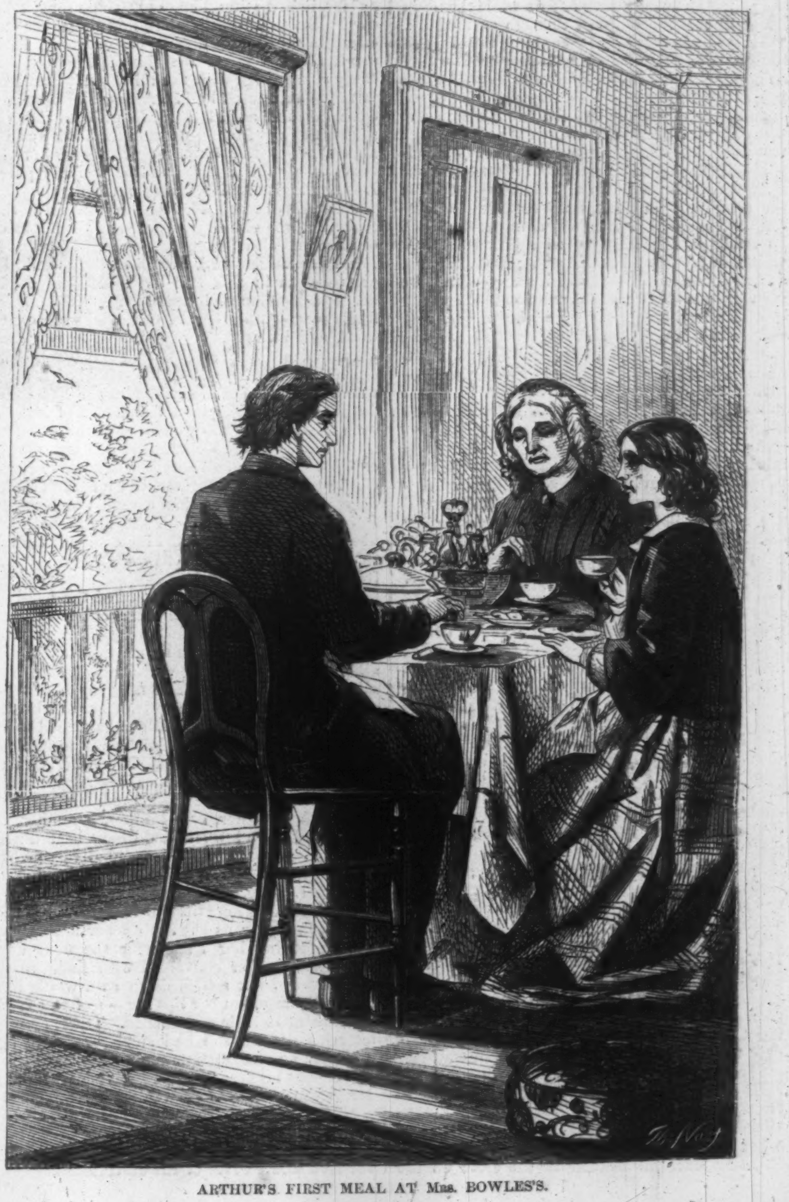
But Mrs. Bowles has made us forget ourselves.

Breakfast over, the Rev. Edward Arthur sallied out into Somerville and his new life. Before night he had been introduced to more persons than during his entire academical course. "If I can only remember all their names!" he thought. And all along, as he went here and there over Somerville, he had it vaguely afloat in his mind, "Oh, if I can but exert a new influence, an influence for good, a divine influence on these!"

So pleased was his manner, so unassuming, too, that the impression he made upon all was decidedly in his favor. It was not particularly much that the people of Somerville cared for preachers; there was any quantity of them to be seen every day about the streets, and to be heard every Sunday; yet all had a vague respect for the special denomination to which the new-comer belonged. Besides, education and piety had given a certain elevation to the countenance and bearing of the new preacher. As to that, every thing new has its gloss, we know. Very faithful were the lawyer, Mr. Ellis, Dr. Warner, and his other immediate friends from that time, not only in making him known to the people, but in making them known to him; and all such knowledge kept up a running commentary thereon in the mind of the novice.

"What an agreeable gentleman this Mr.—Mr.—" began he, on parting from the last introduction one day.

"Simmons—not Mr.—*Captain* Simmons. Don't forget the Captain part of his name when



ARTHUR'S FIRST MEAL AT MRS. BOWLES'S.

you speak to him next," said the lawyer, who had introduced him.

"What an agreeable gentleman the Captain is!" continued the young minister. "You heard what he said about having led the choir before moving to Somerville. And his expressions of regard for our new organization."

"And the tears in his eyes as he told you about his good old father, and about his mother's death-bed and dying charge. Umph, yes; drinks," replied the lawyer. Drinks? And the young divine had on the instant planned a series of sermons on intemperance.

"Mr. Peters, this is our new preacher, Mr. Arthur; Mr. Arthur, this is Mr. Peters, a member and pillar of one of the Somerville churches," interrupted the lawyer, introducing him to a tall, spare, white-haired old gentleman.

"Don't call me *Mr.* Peters—*Brother* Peters; and you must call me so always, Brother Arthur," said the old gentleman, warmly grasping and holding in his own the hand extended to him. "I heard you had come; am glad to see you—glad to see you. And you are but a young hand at the great work—a young hand, a young hand, Brother Arthur. You'll find it a hard field, hard field. But you know where your help is. Bless your soul, I was not five when I joined, not five! I've been about a good deal since then; seen wonderful things. We must get better acquainted, Brother Arthur, better acquainted."

"Mr.—Brother Peters seems to be a warm Christian," said Mr. Arthur, after a long and cordial conversation with his new acquaintance, during the latter part of which his companion had endeavored several times, but in vain, to carry him away.

"I declare," said the lawyer in reply, pushing his hat back off his forehead, his fingers lingering indecisively a moment behind his right ear in consideration, "I do not know whether to leave you to find your new acquaintances out or not. Besides, I don't want to cast a damper on you. But the fact is, this Brother Peters—"

"Does not drink, I hope?" asked his companion, hastily.

"Oh no," replied the lawyer, quick to deny such a charge. "Sober as you or I, hard working, honest, kind-hearted, punctual at church as can be; nothing in the world against him but his awful lies. Lying Sam Peters is his name every where. He knows it as well as any one. His friends have talked to him about it, his church has worked with him for years, every new preacher they get makes a special effort with him; it does no good. He has lied so long it has become his nature to lie whatever he may happen to be speaking about, and always. Like an old swearer and his oaths, lying Sam Peters tells falsehoods from morning till night without knowing it."

Alas! that sudden sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young minister. It is a painful thing that sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young and sanguine. After a while the heart learns to beat more evenly through every thing. "Ah, yes, Ananias and Sapphira, the sin and the penalty of falsehood; I must preach on that subject," murmured Mr. Arthur to himself, some relief in that.

In the course of the day the two friends came upon Brother Barker, to whom the new-comer was made known. As soon as it could be conveniently done—a little sooner, in fact—Brother Barker felt compelled to tell his new brother in the ministry that there were certain doctrines held by that new brother's denomination which he really could not agree with him in at all; which, in fact, he regarded as against Scripture and common sense, and which really—really he regarded as—but he would not wound the young brother's feelings by saying all he deeply, very deeply felt on the subject!

"A series of discourses establishing our peculiar doctrines, and as soon as possible. Dear me, how much, how very much there is for me to do!" thought Mr. Arthur, as he parted from his new friend.

As to Brother Barker, the arrival of the new minister precipitated him for weeks after with a vehemence new even to him against the obnoxious doctrines in question. The spare frame of the zealous Brother fairly dilated with their enormity, as, in private conversation and from the pulpit, he fought against the detestable doctrines, with long, muscular arms, gleaming eyes, and feet in incessant motion while he talked, like an athlete in the arena.

Before the week was over the young divine had seen the pressing necessity of preparing, and delivering as soon as possible, sermons innumerable. He had incidentally been thrown with Bob Withers, who had told him on the second or third interview that he would have been a Christian long ago, instead of "the regular whisky-drinking, card-playing, cursing and swearing scamp, by George, which I now am, Mr. Arthur," if it hadn't been for the gross inconsistencies he had observed, by George, in every single professor, by George, it had ever been *his* misfortune to meet with; not one single exception to the rule, Sir, not one! Strange to say, there is something attractive to Mr. Arthur in the round, sensible, good-humored face of Mr. Withers, his frank eyes and sincere manner. Although there is a glow as of ripe grapes in Bob's face, it is a vast deal sunnier and more pleasing than, in Mr. Arthur's opinion, Brother Barker's dry and lean, though rigidly correct, face. And that he must preach a sermon warning Christians on this point was only too evident to the youthful theologian.

Mr. Ellis, too—the mild, amiable, humble Mr. Ellis—whom Mr. Arthur had been drawn to from his first acquaintance with him, unintentionally even he had aided in dampening somewhat the ardor of his new pastor. In answer to inquiries over his counter at the store on the part of that pastor, he gave it as his opinion that the main obstacle in Somerville to the spread of religion consisted in an intense worldliness. He readily agreed with his pastor that *here* was the grand evil to be aimed at. After Mr. Arthur had added parental neglect, Sabbath desecration, profanity, infidelity, and a score more of evils, to be immediately combated, to his list, he was fain to pause from the enumeration.

However, if he lay down a little wearied at night with accomplishing, in imagination, in Somerville vastly more than has ever yet been accomplished by all his profession put together for men since Christ left the world, nevertheless a sound night's rest sent him forth next morning to his studies and into Somerville as hopeful as ever.

And so the new church was duly organized. It was a small organization, very small indeed; yet, on second thought, even this was a new pleasure to the ardent pastor to know into what a noble size the church was to grow from that little seed. And those who were its members clustered around him so heartily, too. Energetic Guy Brooks, steady Mr. Ferguson, smiling Dr. Warner, devoted Mr. Ellis. Mrs. Sorel, too, punctual as the clock did she alight every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock with Robby, her bright little boy—Frank is old enough to have a class, and is there before her on his pony—at the door of the little school-house, which was answering as a church for the present, in time for the Sabbath-school just established. Mrs. Colonel Ret Roberts, too, never failed of being there with her children. A thoroughly-informed man of the world could have read the Colonel's domestic character in the pale cheek and bowed head and sorrowful eyes of his wife. To Mr. Arthur she was but an estimable, silent, refined lady, sorrowful by reason of ill-health. Ah, how devoted she was to her children, specially to her boy with his father's superb eyes and bold brow! And devoted a wife but naturally is when her love for her husband is spurned, nothing left for her to love but her children; doubly devoted to them she well may be, when all her care is required to undo all the evil influence upon them of their father.

Mrs. Bowles, too, how enthusiastic she was in regard to the new enterprise! Mr. Arthur never came home at night from his visiting but she had something new and hopeful to tell in connection with the church: some new family who had said they would send their children next Sunday to Sunday-school; some new young man whom she had ascertained to have had parents in connection with their denomination, and who ought to be looked after; some bran-new young lady who had agreed to teach in the school. Almost every night it was late after supper before her guest, as enthusiastic as she, could tear himself away from the sitting-room to go to his little office in the yard. At last Mrs. Bowles would run in upon him of mornings there in the midst of his studies, with an apology for interrupting him, only she thought he would like to hear this, that, and the other encouraging something about "our church." How much the novelty of the thing; how much a lively competition with the other denominations in the place, roused by Mr. Arthur's advent into fresh life and zeal, had to do with all this on the part of all of them, no man shall ask and no man shall answer on these premises. 'Tis in heaven only our motives will be perfectly pure. But unmingled? No, not even there.

And Alice, too. Mr. Arthur saw from the portrait of the old Major where she got her erect bearing and clear, haughty glance. Haughty is by no means the word, but aristocratic would be preposterous in this free land. Modest confidence, self-reliance, independence, queenliness, fearlessness—well, the language lacks the exact word, and we must do without. The reverend guest had taken up an idea that this black-haired, quick-eyed, open-browed school-girl must resemble Joan of Arc, say, before she had come out into the world, yet not unaware of herself even then. There was somewhat of the angularity of the school-girl—likes and dislikes sharply expressed, undisguised amusement at every thing odd in any person whatever, and a certain something in her manner that caused the guest to feel quite sure that she—if she did not dislike him, at least did not give him a thought. All this, and more, in her kept these two quite apart from each other.

The idea never definitely entered the head of their guest; yet, if his heart could have been taken apart and accurately weighed piecemeal, it would have been found that this school-girl all these days was to him decidedly more than all the world besides. You may say it was because he had to love some one of her sex by the necessity of his nature, and she happened to be the nearest and most convenient one to him for the purpose. It may be so. None the less was the unconscious Alice Bowles that person in all the world for whom he most cared. Perhaps if he had had a sister, or a brother, a mother, or even a father, to love, it would have been different; but he was without these, and all these Alice was to him, and he knowing almost nothing of her as yet. Yes, it was foolishness itself.

It took him a long time to keep from looking too much at her as she sat on her low seat at night studying her lessons for the next day, while her mother conversed with their guest. Her face had not settled down as a whole into its final beauty, but her lips had—so full, so red, so eloquent in their very silence. Once, months after his arrival, she had suddenly raised her eyes with an exclamation against her lesson, and had caught his eyes fastened upon her face. But Mr. Arthur was too fast even for her.

"Had I met your daughter, Mrs. Bowles, in London or New York, I could have told where she was born," he said, continuing to indulge the look under cover of the observation.

"Yes?" said her mother, with pleased eyes.

"I never flatter, Mrs. Bowles; but there is a certain something in you South Carolinians which marks you unmistakably," he continued. "But pardon me, I interrupted a remark you were making."

"Not at all," said the mother, abandoning the old theme for the new. "Only what you say we have ever regarded as a matter of course. And it is the same of you Virginians," said Mrs. Bowles, in tone cheerfully conceding the second rank in the world to Virginia.

"Why, as to that, Ma, you can say the same of any one from New England," said the school-girl, putting back her hair from her brow, and letting the book close upon her lap.

"Certainly, my dear," said her mother, with a meaning smile; "and we can always tell where an Irishman is from, or an Esquimaux. But Mr. Arthur left something more favorable to be inferred from his remark, I presume."

"Oh, how I do hate the Yankees!" concurred the daughter. "There is that Miss Moulton at school, her lips pursed up, her elbows drawn down, prim, precise old maid; forever talking about her dooty toward us and to our pa-rents, with her system of education, rewards of merit, marks of approbation—"

"My dear, hush! You should be ashamed of yourself!" said the mother, interrupting her daughter's mimicry of her teacher's words and manner. "You must remember Miss Moulton is employed as your teacher. She is a very respectable person, I know. And you forget that she is not to blame for her place of birth. They may say what they please of the Yankees," continued the mother, turning with charming candor to her guest, "but for my part I think they are extremely useful people in their way. I can not say I have been used to like them very much, but I will say that. We had at one time an extremely deserving young man in our family in South Carolina from the North as tutor for Rutledge Bowles. I am afraid Rutledge Bowles did not make his situation as comfortable as it should be, but I am sure the young man really wished to be of service. He remained but a short time. Rutledge Bowles disliked him; treated him, in fact, so—so scornfully that we were compelled to dismiss him."

Again we touch the chord whereby we at least intended this chapter should be keyed, and repeat, Blessed be the spring-time of youth! How swiftly the days melted into weeks, and the weeks into months, with the young pastor. His sermons were most carefully prepared—too directly aimed at the point in view to be very rhetorical, but pleasing from their evident sincerity and pith. To pay more attention to the fullness and flow of words was a lesson he was afterward to learn. It was, you know, as he grew old that Edmund Burke grew so sublimely rhetorical. But no one could be more ignorant of exactly the kind of sermon he was to preach on any occasion than was the preacher himself. At one time he would prepare with great eagerness some special discourse, to find, in actually preaching it, that it was nothing special at all—the reverse rather. Again, he would go into the pulpit with some preparation of which he was heartily ashamed, to find, from his own feeling and the evident interest of the congregation, that it was far better than he had ever done before. One Sabbath when he would count confidently on having quite a crowded congregation, he would be chilled to the soul to find but a small one. Another Sabbath, counting gloomily upon but a sparse attendance, he would be encouraged by a house full. Now he would be led to count assuredly upon certain persons becoming members of the church, to be disappointed instead; and to receive, unexpectedly, persons into membership of whom he had never hoped such a thing. To-day would he be encouraged by the unaccountable presence of certain individuals at church; and on the next occasion annoyed by the unaccountable absence of others.

This week he would attend some funeral, and wonder at the apathy to the important spiritual concerns thus brought to mind on the part of those present; wondering most of all at his own inability, standing beside the open coffin, with the cold face beneath his hand, to set forth, as he would, those spiritual truths. The next week would be illuminated with some unexpected or long-expected wedding, with all the incidents therewith connected.

And there, also, was the pastoral visitation; the conversing with persons from whom all the machinery of Archimedes could not have drawn out more than Yes and No during the interview. However, there was placid, sensible Mrs. Sorel; practical Guy Brooks; delightful Mr. Ellis, with whom he could converse. Crusty as Mr. Ferguson was, too, the young minister soon learned to keep plenty of sea-room in conversation between himself and the Scotchman's hidden reefs; learned even to keep aloof, with a mariner's instinct of a storm, from the Scotchman altogether when that Scotchman was all reef and breakers. And so passed the days along.

Perhaps there was not one thing in his charge in the least degree as he had dreamed it would be—pleasures and pains all different; yet it was a great work and a good work, and a work in which he laid himself out with joy. The very buying the ground for the new church, the planning of the building, the raising the money, was an epic of interest for months. And the actual erection of the edifice, from foundation to weather-vane, it was a daily joy and rejoicing. We say nothing of his intercourse with the workmen during this period; with almost every nail and shingle and plank the young pastor had intimate acquaintance from their arrival on the ground until finally adjusted to their place.

The months of picnicking—if we may so speak—in the covered in but unfinished church, with loose scantlings on tressels for seats, and a pine table a foot across for pulpit, was accompanied with a purer pleasure than the worship in many a stately edifice all granite and walnut, fresco, and velvet. The obtaining of the church bell, from the instant of the conception of the idea in the head of Mrs. Bowles, until its first peal rang upon the ears so attentive to hear it that Sabbath morning, was one long and pleasurable excitement. And the painting, pewing, furnishing the church throughout, in which the ladies threw themselves with their inseparable and inalienable love for adornment in all its ramifications—was that a matter without deep interest to the pastor, as well as to many others? There was the organizing a choir; the most unexpected discovery of Mr. Ferguson's splendid bass, a mere growl hitherto under his grizzly beard, developing now into music—a hard and stiff old Memnon smitten by the sun; culminating in the suggesting, subscribing for, obtaining, and actually using an instrument. It is impossible to pass lightly over that. And the Ladies' Fairs also, from time to time, for this object and for that; the Sabbath-school celebrations of ribboned and rosy and hungry children; the grand efforts at tract distribution for the entire town; the purchase and arrival of a grand Congregational Library; the building of a study for the pastor; the presenting him of sudden sets of linen and altogether unexpected writing-desks.

Oh, blessed period of life, when a man is fairly at his life's work, with Youth and Health and Hope his close companions! Blessed period when, like a swimmer fresh to his task, there is a joy in every fibre at the very encountering and mounting and leaving behind the opposing billows as they come! Time of exultation, when every defect discovered in one's self is a joy, in the hope of henceforth destroying the same; when every enemy unintentionally made learns the novice how henceforth to act so as to secure instead a thousand friends; when every opposing circumstance is but a something, the path over which leads one that much higher above what he was before! But, O youth thrice blessed, when the Telemachus accompanied by Mentor is realized, more than realized, in him who, engaged in the service of an incarnate God instead, walks ever with that God during all the day, kneeling morn and night in communion, fellowship, friendship closer and sweeter than the world knows beside with that friend and brother! There is too entire an identity between the life of him who is doing the will of God on earth and him who is doing the will of God in heaven, for the happiness and energy of the one in heaven not to be very much the energy and happiness of the other on earth.

In nothing was it more evident how fully engaged the young pastor was with his work, and how entirely it filled and satisfied his heart and his hands, than his entire forgetfulness as to the making of money; that is, as to the accumulating any property at all. It never occurred to him to place at interest what remained over of his salary at the end of the year; it went every cent to gifts for the children of the Sabbath-school, and donations to benevolent objects. When he first arrived in Somerville had he only bought a few town lots at the nominal price then asked, in a few years he would have had even wealth. It never occurred to him for an instant; even the purchasing of a lot for his own home in the future was done only at the suggestion of friends. People who owned a few head of cattle when he arrived in Somerville had whole herds thereof by natural increase in a few years. Why could he not have done the same? There was Mr. Neely, the schoolmaster—with his first earnings from his school he had bought a likely negro woman, and now he had quite a family of young negroes, upon even the youngest of which he could have realized five hundred dollars any day. "And why," Mrs. Warner frequently asked, "could not Mr. Arthur have done the same thing?" Yes, it is with pain that we frankly state this new weakness in one whom we would fain have the reader love. Devotion to his calling? Certainly. But such thoughtlessness, such utter lack of reference to his future wife and children! We would paint him in brighter colors if we dared; better tell the truth of him though. Truth is, "The children of this world *are* wiser in their generation than the children of light!"

One thing is certain—he grew steadily in the confidence and esteem even of those who acknowledged his deplorable lack of worldly wisdom. Yet "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself;" perhaps they would have thought that much the more of him if he had been accumulating property all the while; but let us recount nothing but the truth about him though the heavens fall.

Yes, so far in his ministry the young pastor toiled with enthusiasm and joy. From the first he can be said to have had but one definite trouble; and that trouble had quick, sharp, black eyes, which saw every thing going on in Somerville and a great deal more; and that trouble had a tongue, and such a tongue! Perpetually was Mrs. Warner seeing something dreadful here, and strongly suspecting something worse there, and painfully but positively assured of disaster in the future, and pouring all herself abroad upon such matters every where. Any chemist who had enumerated the ingredients composing the atmosphere of Somerville, and, in mentioning oxygen, nitrogen, vapor, and carbonic acid, had failed to mention Mrs. Warner as a chief constituent element of that atmosphere, would have been woefully mistaken. That one lady managed to keep the place surcharged with anecdotes, rumors, suspicions, surmises, prophecies—all personal, and all of a painful nature to a degree surpassing human power of production. To do Mrs. Warner justice, her own servants, children, husband—household, in fact, was the theme upon which she dilated most freely and fully. Neat and energetic housekeeper as Mrs. Warner was, it was certainly not at home only that she washed her "dirty linen." Some of it showing, in her hands, so very dirty, too.

As the years rolled by the canal gates had been too often opened to close now at all. But her children did not particularly mind, her servants had grown used to it, her husband was too old a sailor upon the tossing deck and amidst the whistling gales of his home not to have come to regard it all as the ordinance of nature. Every day he grew fatter and balder and more stooped about the head, more slovenly about the person, quite a weather-beaten mariner, but wonderfully forbearing and mild. But then her table, and her exquisitely neat and clock-work household! If one were but stone-blind and perfectly deaf, or a philosopher—Socrates say—he could live even under Mrs. Warner's roof.

And all these months Mr. Arthur continues with Mrs. Bowles. The idea never occurred to her in that form; but her guest was to her all that Rutledge Bowles would have been had he instead tenanted the little office in the front yard all this time—rather more perhaps.

"And Mr. Arthur is such a vast assistance to Alice in her studies," said Mrs. Bowles to Mrs. Sorel one day; "and they have read a great deal of history together, too. Mr. Arthur takes a pleasure natural to a scholar in such things. Really I believe Alice is improved beyond her years—more thoughtful, too. I hope to return to Charleston as soon as Rutledge Bowles is settled in the practice of the law there. It is too soon to speak of such things yet, I am aware; but if Alice is finally married into one of the old families there I will be satisfied."

And placid Mrs. Sorel only smiled in her quiet way, and said nothing upon the subject whatever.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SLIMMENS PAPERS."

ONE of the wisest statesmen of the age has coined an immortal sentence and applied it so pertinently that it has become as "household-words" throughout the land. May I be pardoned for borrowing it and applying it to the war that is daily being waged between the wives and mothers of this glorious republic and the so-called servants, domestics, help, or whatever you may please to call them?

Oh that I could dip my pen in fire, and thus light up the truths I am about to utter; that I might bring before the eyes of the people this great social ulcer that is sapping the lives of the noblest race of women the world ever saw! I do not hesitate to say there is not a wife or mother in the land but will overlook the shortcomings of her servants, if they try to do their duty, and their wrong-doings are mistakes only. If there are mistresses who refuse to do this, they are the exceptions that prove the general rule. But it is the indifferent and malicious servants with whom we have to deal; it is those who live in fine houses and have mistresses to do their bidding, the finer the house the more helpless their victims. I would speak of the cook, who, in winter time, boils eggs in the tea-kettle for her own delicate breakfast while the steak is sent to the dining-room not fit to be eaten. The amiable Jones says, "What is the matter with the steak? I bought the best in the market. Arabella, my dear, if you would only look after domestic affairs a little more I think we should be repaid in home comforts." Arabella heaves a great sigh, shuts her mouth close, and wishes that she might be the cook and chambermaid, and yet have the power of coming to breakfast in a dainty morning-gown with a thousand little pet curls around her face; for Jones insists that she shall wear her hair frizzed. Jones is fastidious about these things; wants his little wife to look a little better than any body's else; this is Jones's pet weakness. Poor Arabella knows where the trouble lies, but where is the remedy? Her head begins to ache, nerves all upset for the day, and she begins to fear that Jones doesn't love her as he used to, though the honey-moon is scarcely over. She comes to the conclusion that married life isn't her "forte;" while the amiable Jones goes to his office with a shadowy remembrance of those bachelor breakfasts at Delmonico's, and wondering whether his home will ever resemble his neighbor's across the street, who, by-the-way, has a wife who has sacrificed herself on the funeral pile of her husband. 'Tis true she has not been entirely consumed; there is just enough left for locomotion; but that genial, bright, wide-awake look has vanished from her countenance, showing that she was made of colors that would not wash in the beginning, and yet the washing process has been kept up for an unlimited period. Said wife is cook when cook fails to do her duty; is nurse when the children are ill; in fact, is just as much a martyr as any Brahmin widow, the only difference consisting in the fact that she is a longer time in dying. I am speaking of the martyred sisterhood who have not the strength to endure life's perpetual warfare.

Mrs. Stowe—whom I reverence for her efforts in the behalf of the amelioration of woman's trials—says the houses must be built with the flour-barrel, spices, corn-meal, and mouse-traps all in one corner; and the conservatory is to open off from all these; and the wives and daughters must do all the work. Now, this is all charming and very beautiful, but it happens that her advice comes too late; and what are we to do in such a case? It happens that our house is already built, and no persuasion on my part will make my beloved Job pull out the internal arrangement, and fix it according to Mrs. Stowe's programme. And I have every reason to believe there are thousands of matrons in this country who have husbands as hard to convince as Job Slimmens.

But suppose I succeed in having the house arranged accordingly, and suppose Job should accidentally become the father of twins once a year, wouldn't I be excused from doing my own work, and my daughters, the aforesaid twins, be excused on account of size and weakness of muscles? And suppose I was able to have the easy-chair wheeled to the open door of the conservatory, would it be agreeable to have Bridget making flannel cakes and vegetable soup under my invalid nose? Wouldn't I be excused from dying, just in self-defense, leaving Job and the twins to the care of a gentle Xantippe, who would sigh in a very short time, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?"

Again, Mrs Stowe says we must make every thing so pleasant for the servants that gentle people in decayed circumstances will be glad to take these places for the sake of a home; and that, in some unaccountable way, we must remove the stigma of servitude, and make it as honorable as a Professorship in a College. I might as well attempt to snatch the brightest part of a rainbow to make a neck-tie for my beloved Job. There is no poetry in scouring knives, unless these same knives are to reflect some loved one's visage; and as Job is the only masculine about the house, I prefer to have the poetry confined to the library. The relation between mistress and servant is as devoid of sentiment as a geometrical figure. We must grapple with facts—not fancy. Suppose I succeed in finding the genteel person who will come for the sake of a home—are they not of all others those whom I dread most? Wouldn't I not only have my own trials to bear but theirs also? Are not my hands full to plethora, and my heart to bursting, training up young Ike for the twenty-ninth President, and devising plans to keep Job away from that interesting club? And wouldn't I feel so tender that I should have to get another girl to do their work? And are they not the very ones to forget who is the mistress of the house, not from any bad inclination, but mere force of habit?

This same worthy woman, whose shoe-latchets I feel unworthy to unloose, says we must elevate labor As we can not bring the servants up to us, we must go down to them, as this is the age for the elevation of the masses. Perfectly as Genius has sugar-coated the pill, nevertheless it sticks in the throats of a million of matrons. Slight as the task may seem, the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules is no comparison to the task.

"We have no way of judging the future but by the past." It never has been done, even when Rome was at its zenith of power and glory; and shall we, the American wives and mothers, throw ourselves under this car of Juggernaut that Erin and Africa may ascend to their proper sphere? Anna E. Dickinson says, it is a glorious thing to die for the black man; but I notice she is as plump as a partridge, apparently a long way from transmigration, and I fear those who preach most are the least apt to practice.

The irrepressible conflict wages. What is to be done? While the American wives and mothers are amply supplied with brains they are perishing for the want of so much bone and muscle. These much needed commodities are found in foreign countries—why not here? It can not be owing to our peculiar institutions. The fact that "help is washed upon our shores by the tide of emigration" does not change the nature of that help? If they are industrious and orderly in their own country why should they not continue to be so after their arrival here? And here is the pivot of the whole difficulty. American house-keepers must have unity of action.

Would General Grant have succeeded in quelling the rebellion, no matter how brave and capable he has proved himself to be, had he gone forth unattended and alone? After a given period it must be announced that no help will be employed without bringing satisfactory reference from the last place. This must be strictly adhered to. It may even be necessary to form ourselves into a Union league, with ramifications extending to the farthest hamlet in the land, so remote and wide-spread is this moral leprosy. Servants must be given to understand that mistakes will be pardoned, but indifference and malevolence will cause instant dismissal. Every servant must be made to know, if they do not perform their duty, the consequences will instantly be meted out to them, and every mistress must nerve herself to endure every trial until the dawn of the new morning.

This is a work of time; but we must set our faces, flint-like, in the right direction, and we are sure to triumph. "The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave." No great good is achieved without a struggle. Every earthly birth is ushered in with pain. But I hear voices: "Who will cook the breakfasts and do the chamber-work during this transition period?" A couple of sleek, tidy cats must be procured to wash the few dishes. The dirt about the house may be allowed to accumulate—it will protect every thing just as snow protects the farmer's crop. Husband must be sent to any respectable restaurant near by—said husband will make no objection if he feels assured that household expenses will be reduced in the mean time. Children must be fed on baker's bread and molasses, and we must make our own tea with our own fair hands. Blinds must be kept closed, and all outward indications of "Not at home" must be kept up to frighten away company. "Last but not least," we must be buoyed up with the exultant feeling that we have the power in our own hands. Should we become ill in the mean time we will have a pitcher of water and a baker's crust laid on our table. And should we die, better die a natural death than of an overdose of Erin or the Black plague. Let us be resolved that we will not die in this struggle—that we will fight the good fight till the rebellion is ended. We have the national resources of men and money, and we can hold out until the enemy's strength is entirely exhausted. Oh for the glorious time when the intelligence offices are overflowing, and the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau groan with the black millstone they have hung about their necks! Will it not be a foreshadowing of the new millennium?

Having finished the above literary balloon, before cutting the cords loose I laid it before my beloved Job with the apple-pie at lunch-time. "Pretty fair article so far as condiments are concerned, but you don't intend it as any thing practical? I admire that feline arrangement of yours, only I fear a crusade against the cats; but as a cat has nine lives, I'll bet on them every time." Can you imagine how the Princess Badroulbodour looked when the Genie told her that a roe's egg must be hung in the middle of her chamber before the palace would be perfection? Two great pearls, surpassing any of Ball, Black, & Co., glistened on my cheeks. Job instantly soared to his proper element, and says: "Little wife, the hardest lesson for us all to learn is *submission to the inevitable*. Could your two hands lift up the pitcher that holds the Atlantic Ocean and pour it on the Western continent, it would not cover the mountains until every little hill and valley was submerged. And just so long as the demand exceeds the supply, just so long this same state of affairs will continue." I interrupted him, saying, "Job, you see the difficulty through a man's eyes." "They are all I happen to have for the present." "But I feel sure that I am in the right." "Women are generally afflicted that way; but what excellent apple-pie, Starry!" "The cook left a week ago," I sobbed. "Let us be thankful, Starry, that our happiness doesn't depend on servants. I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, and you may expect me home to dinner to-day. Home is the place for a man after all." The smoke of the sacrifice ascended, and I am still living to tell the tale.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"No man ever felt any thing but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing sweeper, or attached any value to the amount of open-work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt. If young ladies would but believe it—or rather, perhaps, if they did but attach any importance to it when they do believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as these considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are spotlessly clean and their stockings guiltless of a wrinkle."

So says the London *Saturday Review*, oracularly. We know not how it may be in London, but we unhesitatingly affirm that petticoats and stockings "spotlessly clean" are virtues unattainable in this city by ladies who promenade the streets. Yet of the scores of "fair women" whom one meets in Broadway on a bright afternoon very few seem to realize this fact, though every body knows it. To be sure, the rich drapery is gathered up in pretty festoons, and the gay petticoat is a vast improvement on the white one. But with what appropriateness or good taste are such gorgeous fabrics as we constantly see worn in our dirty streets? Costly silks of delicate hues meet one at every step; and yet a passing omnibus, splashing through the mud, leaves a fatal stain upon the fabric, and a drop of melting snow tarnishes its lustre. Such toilets are suitable only for the drawing-room; and even though one may *afford* thus to destroy her wardrobe, such waste is not only wrong but in bad taste.

For such streets as we have, at this season, plain woolen fabrics are the most suitable wear: the French merinoes and linseys, the Empress cloth, and even the stout water-proof—all are serviceable and pretty, and are to be obtained in every variety.

An exchange gives the following, which may suggest to careful wives the reason why their husbands' "dickeys" never "have a gloss" on them:

"Biddy," said Mrs. Pennywise, "there is little starch in the dickeys this week, and altogether the clothes do not look very nicely."

"And shure you must remember, ma'am, I git but sivin and sixpence for my labor. If you would have them rael nate you must rise on my wages."

"And what would nine shillings do for me, Biddy?" inquired her mistress.

"And faith it would stiffen them more; but it takes tin and sixpence to put on the fine gloss."

"And how would two dollars work, Biddy?"

"Now lit me jist till you, 'twould make them look so illigant you never would know the cotton from linen."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make a 'strike' if I would have my work done to my liking."

"Och! no, mem; it's not me that will ever break the pace by striking; it's an ill-bred woman that would lift her finger to her mistress; and didn't I tell Patrick O'Flaherty so when he bid me strike on ye. It's not me that would do the dirty thing for all the money in Ameriky."

"Well, Biddy, then after this day we will try the nine-shilling system."

"And, by the powers, Mr. Pennywise shall be stiffened, but I won't promise to gloss him!"

The following communication, which has just come to hand, will explain itself:

"DEAR GOSSIP,—I saw a very good thing done at a concert the other night. Tickets were one dollar. And there were twelve pieces on the programme. Eight cents and a third apiece. Rather high. But after the good pieces the audience all clapped their hands, and stamped their feet, and cried '*encore*,' until the singer or the player came back again and gave another piece. So we got sixteen pieces instead of twelve. Net price six cents and a quarter each, which, as times go, is cheap.

"It strikes me that would be a good remedy for high prices. When the milkman brings a quart of milk and asks ten cents for it let the servant girl clap her hands, and let the milkman immediately pour in a pint more *gratis*. When a lady goes to Stewart's, and buys a silk dress at three dollars a yard, she should give a few rounds of applause, and the shopman should immediately cut her off another half dozen yards free of expense. When a gentleman visits the shoemaker's and gets fitted with a pair of boots let him cry '*bravo!*' '*encore!*' and let the shoemaker throw in a pair of slippers. In like manner when a subscriber to *Harper's Magazine* writes in enthusiastic commendation of the work you should send him the *Weekly* without charge.

"It appears to me that the general adoption of this principle would open the way for avoiding all the evils of high prices. Will you not urge it upon the public?

"Yours truly, SPONGE."

"P.S.—The topic suggests that what has led to the extensive feeling that it won't do to applaud in church is, that it would lead to the minister's preaching his sermon over again."

A young man in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a wager of $500, recently walked a hundred miles in as many consecutive hours without sleep. Throughout the time his nervous excitement was kept up by strong tea. His head was bandaged and bathed frequently with rum and alum. He often stumbled from weakness and weariness. The fourth and last day was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head, and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In the 95th hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the 99th hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his mile in 33 minutes. A terrible reaction took place afterward, and constant medical attendance and careful nursing alone saved his life. The only sensible thing in connection with this foolish and wicked expenditure of strength is the conclusion to which the misguided young man arrived when the affair was over: "That ten times the amount of money he had received would not induce him to make a like effort."

The following singular romance originates in Connecticut:

Norwalk is exercised about body-snatchers, who, on Sunday night last, dug up the body of a young lady who had been buried that afternoon, and succeeded beyond their anticipations. She had been buried while in a cataleptic fit, and, upon being exposed to the night air, animation was restored. The resurrectionists fled, and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, believing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and on Monday morning they were married.

Under the head of "Take Notice," Martha E. Lucas publishes the following spicy paragraph in the San Jose (California) *Courier*:

"My husband, Robert Lucas, having advertised me in last week's paper as having left his bed and board without just cause, and forbidding the public from trusting me on his account, I wish to state that the bed was mine before I married him; and as for board, he never gave me any since he married me. He has spent a fortune since I married him; and as for credit, I could not get the strings of my children's shoes on his word. I hereby caution the public not to trust him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting."

It is stated that the United States Telegraph Company have reduced their rates for messages between New York and Eastern cities fifty per cent. The rates are now for ten words to Boston, thirty cents; to New Haven or Hartford, twenty cents. It may be hoped that this *telegraphs* to us a general fall in prices.

It is said that the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, was present at a recent ball of the Governor of Hobart Town (the capital), accompanied by three women, the only living representatives of their tribe, who numbered in the first of this century from 5000 to 7000.

Strange as it may seem, the following absurd epitaph is said to have been actually copied from a tombstone in a Massachusetts church-yard:

This to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would alway have her will,
She snubbed her husband, though she made good bread,
And on the whole he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children (and she drank her gin)
Whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in.
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity can scold!

In pleasant contrast is this curious epitaph, found in Cornwall, England, to the memory of Rev. Mr. Colton and wife:

Forty-nine years they lived, man and wife,
And what's more rare, so many without strife,
She first departing, he a few weeks tried
To live without her, could not, and he died.

Coleridge classifies readers as follows:

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.

2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.

3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

4. Moral diamonds, equally rare and profitable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.

In the latest fashion-reports from across the waters we find that for some time past blue has decidedly been the favorite color among young ladies who have officiated as bridemaids. White muslin or white silk dresses (as the case may have been), trimmed with blue, blue sashes round the waist, and blue flowers in the hair, had become a sort of livery among them. Blue appeared to be the color selected as a matter of course. But the favorite hue is at last losing its place—probably it has been voted too common, or possibly the winter season has had something to do with its being cast aside; but, decidedly, it is now giving place to the warmer and more glowing shades of scarlet and cerise.

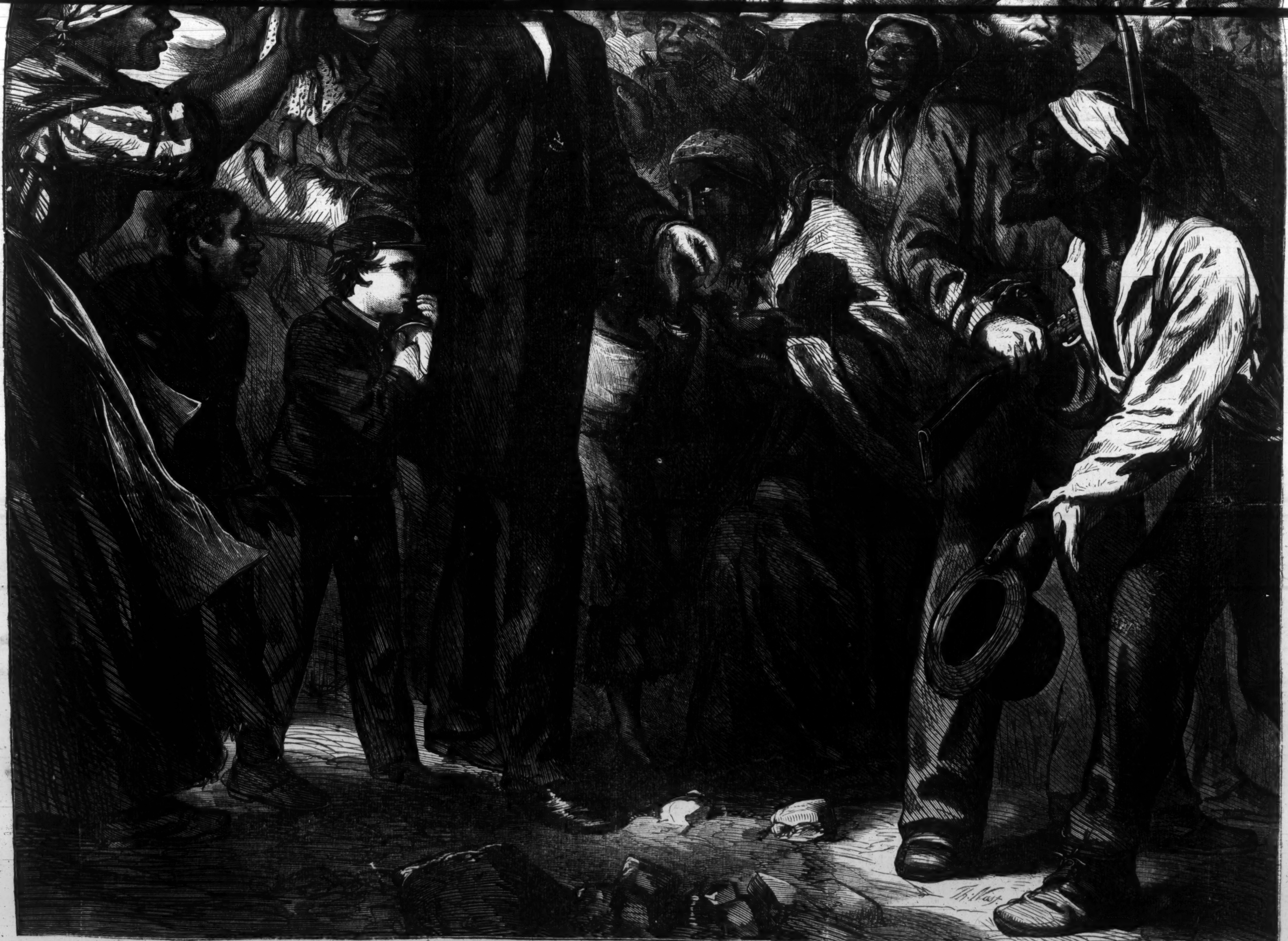
We have been present at several fashionable weddings of late, and have remarked that red trimmings of some shade have been invariably selected by the bridemaids as ornaments to their white dresses. The scarlet velvet trimmings upon white silk dresses prove very effective, and are particularly appropriate to the present dreary season of the year.

At a recent fashionable wedding in London the bridemaids wore rich white *gros grain* dresses, trimmed round the skirt with two graduated rows of scarlet ribbon velvet; scarlet llama mantles, trimmed all round the edge and up the centre of the back with an insertion of white Cluny guipure; white tulle bonnets, with scarlet flowers. The bride's dress was magnificent in material as well as in proportions, for the skirt trained certainly more than one yard and a half along the aisle as the fair lady walked up to the altar. It consisted of rich white satin, cut out in wide deep scollops round the edge of the skirt, each scollop measuring more than twelve inches in breadth; *bouillonnés* of tulle followed the outline of the scollop a short distance up the skirt, and above the *bouillonnés* were ruchings of satin and a splendid Brussels lace flounce.

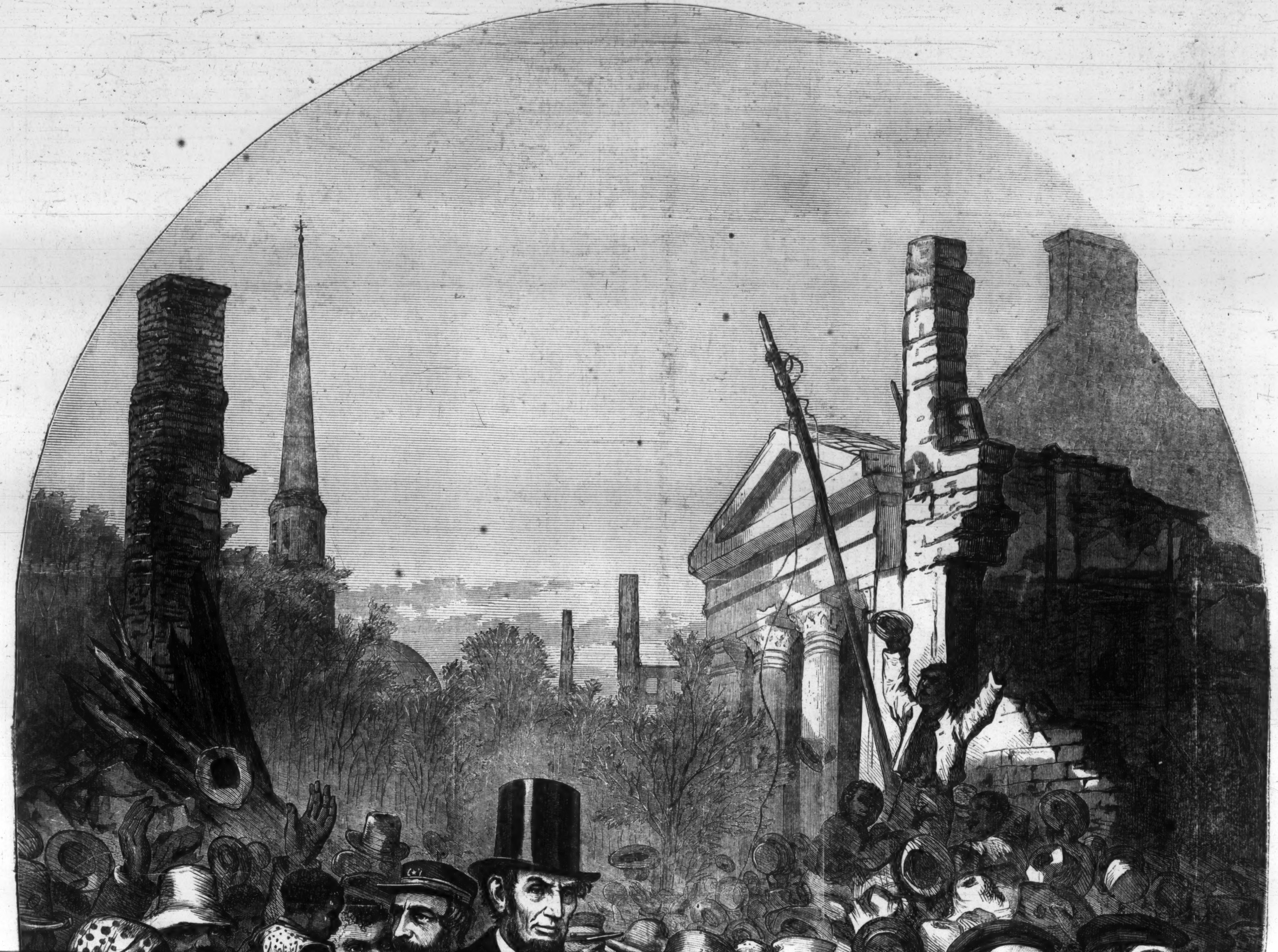
We may be permitted to question whether a bride's dress cut with a train a yard and a half long is not very inconvenient to its wearer. Were it a Court train, which, as every one knows, is separate from the dress, it is a manageable adjunct, for on getting in and out of a carriage it can be thrown over the arm and carried gracefully; but when the skirt itself is cut with a train two yards long, then it appears to involve a ceremony of rolling and unrolling previous to entering the church and returning to the carriage, which must be even more unpleasing to the lady who wears it than to the spectators who witness the ceremony.

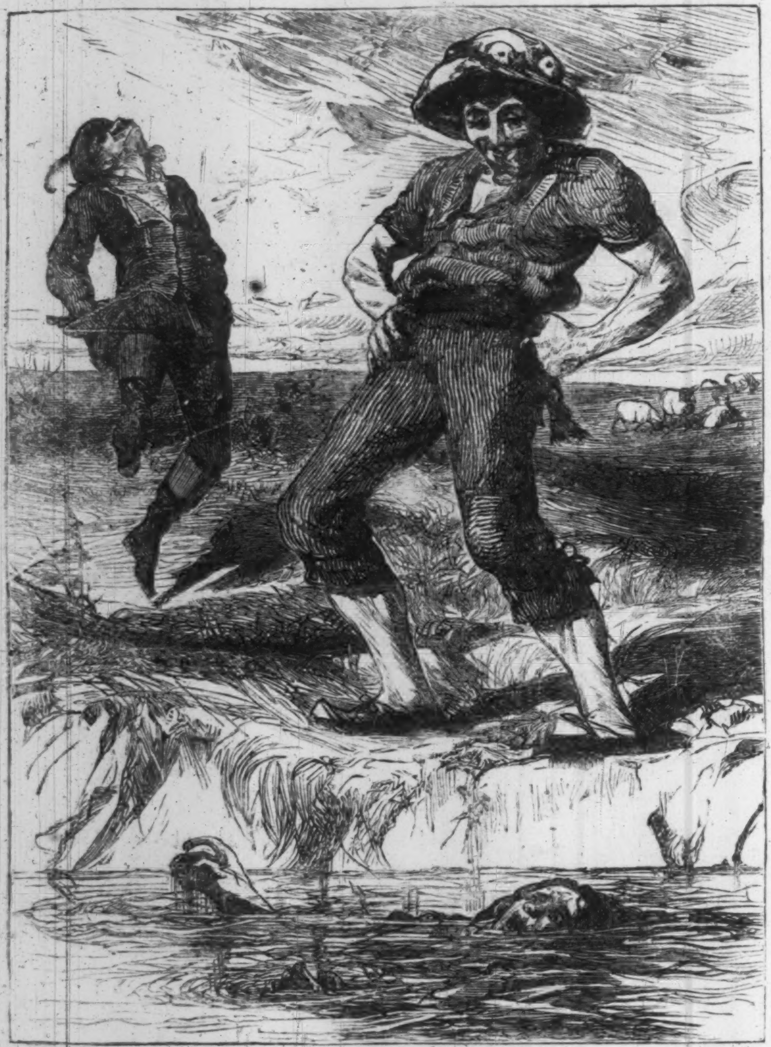
At a proposed Fancy Ball in Paris, it is announced that two sisters, one married and the other single, are to appear as birds. The eldest is to represent a swallow, and the youngest a humming-bird. The first will wear a white satin dress, with swallows round the lower part of the skirt, arranged as a trimming: the front of the bodice will be white satin, and the back black velvet, cut as coat with ends, so as to represent the long-pointed tail of a swallow; one swallow with outstretched wings is placed on each shoulder, and a large one will form the head-dress.

The humming-bird will be much more brilliant. The young lady wears a shot emerald-green satin skirt, ornamented with humming-birds, the throat and wings of which are made up with veritable feathers from these most gorgeously-colored among little birds. These wings and breasts are placed flat upon the material, and at a short distance have all the effect of a flight of birds suddenly stayed in their passage through the air by the green satin. The bodice looks as though it were fastened with humming-birds of almost microscopic dimensions, so minute are their proportions. These birds are represented, not in feathers, but in brilliant metallic substances, which seemingly change color with every position they are placed in. The bodice is made of ruby velvet, embroidered with white bugle beads, and the head-dress consists of three small humming-birds lighting amidst the curls.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 4, 1865.





KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

In a certain village of Bohemia lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say—"Kattie, will you be mine?" for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbor entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blacken and burn any thing with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public house. There she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope; no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she, impetuously, one Sunday, "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw any thing like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with any one—with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman's suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Kattie. He sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a "solo." The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

"Bless us all, it will rain to-morrow!" exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers and the girls hid their faces to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon and all that evening the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end the stranger escorted her home.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Kattie; "would that I might dance with you forever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, Sir?"

"Put your arms round my neck and I will whisper to you." Kattie did so, and, presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home—a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a profuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

"Now then, Kattie, let go," said he.

"Oh, never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why, whom have you got here?" asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"K-K-K-attie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Kattie!" echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; "Kattie! here's an end to our quiet life, if *that* woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it but that the quondam Jäger should return to earth and free himself from the embrace of Kattie as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said, in a hollow voice:

"Kattie, if you do not let go I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!"

"Oh," replied she, with *empressement*, "I feel no pain so long as I am with you!" and she laid her head on his breast.

"Ahem!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: "Kattie, I am *so* rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheep-skin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed its former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good Sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd, in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of any thing in particular, when, with a hop, skip, and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I can not carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click—she was fast as a spring-collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheep-skin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh, if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheep-skin? No harm trying; but it must be done v-e-r-y cautiously—v-e-r-y gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bow of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheep-skin are in the pond. She sinks—she rises; and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

"My best of friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might *never* have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit, musingly, "never is a very long word! Now, look you here, shepherd—I am—" In fewer words than I could express it the spirit had described his nature to the young man. "Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into and possess the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expell me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. "Ta, ta!" said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this a rumor spread through the country that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines, allopathic and homeopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for, the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room he saw that the condition of the highest law-officer of the Crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd *ore rotundo* and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths sapped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines without expelling the evil spirit. The homeopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception: the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisturbed possession of the monarch.

As might be expected, people were not one ha'porth the wiser for experience, and the usual allopathic, homeopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he nil-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth, and looked desperate. "Halloo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered: "Do you think me such a fool as to attempt any thing of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—that—KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS INQUIRING AFTER YOU!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil. "Then I'm off!" and away he flew.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'm a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, down in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get any thing, from half a quartern of butter up to a horn lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-cut brads—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid, considering, and didn't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' arter it was done—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollecting a little about the dignity of labor, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago—it don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet any body else, just when it was—work was precious slack down our way—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way is. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months; so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screw, and screw and pinch, and keep on squeezing shilling arter shilling out of the long stocking, till at last it got so light that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good hearty spang, it fell softy and jest like a piece of cotton that was empty. And then, poor lass! she hangs on to my neck, and burst out a-crying that pitiful that I'm blest if I didn't want my nose blowing about every quarter of a minute. I hadn't minded the screwing and pinching, not a bit of it. First week we went without our puddings. Well, that wasn't much. Second week we stopped my half-pints o' beer. Third week I put my pipe out. Mary kep' on saying that things must look up soon, and then I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things didn't look up, and, in spite of all the screwing, we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said jest now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinching, but it was my poor lass as got pinched the most, and she was a-getting paler and thinner every day, till I couldn't abear to see it. I run out o' the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd been at work last. I soon found Jenkins, and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak, and said he hadn't a job he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says; "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I wouldn't stop starving down here, when they're giving first-class wages up there, and when there's building going on all round, as thick as thick, and good big jobs, too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I faces round sharp, and walks off home; for when a feller's hungry and close up it lays hold on his temper as well as his stummick, more especially when there's somebody belonging to him in the same fix. So I walks off home, where I finds Mary a-lookin' werry red-eyed; and I makes no more ado but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit o' dust there was in the bottom o' the jar into it, lights up, and sits down aside of Mary, and puts my arm round her, jest as I used in old courting times; and then begins smokin' an' thinking. Werry slow as to the fust, and werry fast as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry; whereas thinking came cheap jest then—and it's sur-prising how yer can think on a empty inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

Well, I hadn't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she was a-giving way; but I didn't take no notice. Perhaps I held her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinking and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sar-jar" o' the big stone saws, and there was the men a-running up and down the ladders, and the gangers a-giving their orders, and all seemed so plain that I began to grow warm. And I keeps on smoking till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and two pounds apiece as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away, like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing, but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and then I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trowsers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Nothin' at all, as I knows on; but that's what I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to rattle in my pocket. Howsomever, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side:

"Polly, my lass, I'm a-agoing up to London!"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind yer, it didn't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road uppards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so long a-building, and was allus so snug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fust at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth. Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a school-boy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make-believe it was all right, and she wouldn't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made-believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-ciphering away—a-putting down nought for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till I glowed up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put bone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I warn't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big work-shops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a book was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on, and one of 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearing and growling like any thing, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearing too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust:

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Go to—" somewhere, he says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewheres else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, Sir," says I.

"Then why didn't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it;" and then he looks through me almost. "I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well since I begun!—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Didn't I make the bricks and mortar fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks and another for mortar; while one fellow makes hisself precious unpleasant by keeping on going "puff! puff! puff!" like a steam-ingin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-ingin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"'Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heerd.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and every thing else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed neither that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crushing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay-day and draw your week's wage, good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendious rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much; so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with sometimes on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head and see that the men was a-scuffling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece of the scaffolding gave way and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand toward the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterward I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks and hooked my fingers and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and bloodshot, I fell.

—Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to ketch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now, then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if every thing was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backward and forward in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organize the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Latest Thing Out—The policeman.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be?—A little above two feet.

Shame!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

"The rich," said the Jew, "eat venison because it ish deer; I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

Why was the giant Goliah very much astonished when David hit him with the stone?—Such a thing had never entered his head before.

Maritime Law.—The Law of Libel does not apply to a "running down" case. The parties are not in the same boat.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

Is matrimony one of the liberal arts? We ask this having in view two young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose hands are already united as often as they can be conveniently. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to couple with the polite economy of "No cards" the tender denial of "No company."

There is something sarcastic and significant in those feminine titles which have been bestowed on Woman by Man—that gorgeous nomenclator. Matrimony, of course, is her perpetual target, and if a lady does not hit it, she continues till doomsday a Miss.

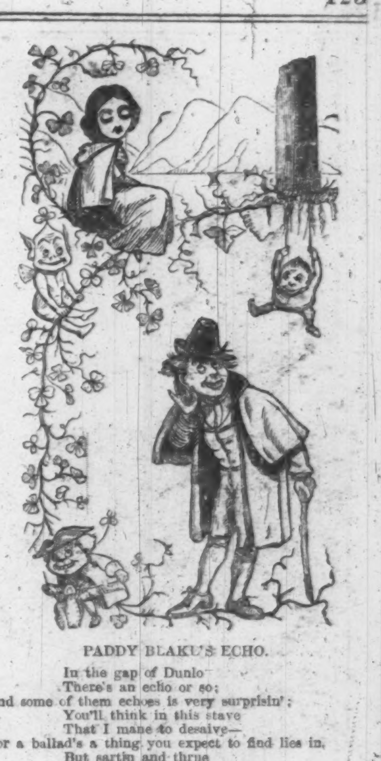
A Thought in the Dark.—The haunted chamber is often hung with tapestry. Gob(e)lins of course.

If a man simply asks you to be his surety, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, saying that he is your debtor forever, he most likely speaks the truth. But if he writes you a touching letter, swearing that he will have his right hand burned off before you shall be hurt, you had better lay aside the money at once, as you are sure to be let in.

A farmer who had passed innumerable sleepless nights immortalized himself by discovering a method for keeping babies quiet. The mode of operating is as follows: "As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, molasses and more feathers, and in place of the nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

Man-hood, a hat; woman-hood, a bonnet!

The man who takes things easy—The city pickpocket.



PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

In the gap of Dunlo
There's an echo or so;
And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
You'll think in this stave
That I mane to desaive—
For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
But sartin and thrue
In that hill forninst you
There's an echo as sure and as safe as the bank too;
If you civilly spake,
"How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh
With Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, Sir;
But the echo, they say,
Was conthrairy that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, Sir.
"Now," says Teddy to Kate,
"'Tis too hard to be bate
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy;
But if we both shout
To each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
"To answer be ready."
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries out Kitty; then, Sir,
"Would you like to be wed,
Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, Sir.
"Do you like *me?*" says Teddy;
And Kitty, quite ready,
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling.
I think you'll confess
Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
May you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing;
And may girls all translate
Their soft answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
And, boys, be you ready,
Like frolicsome Teddy—
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And thus, when inclined,
May all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" said the losing client, "how come you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" says one; "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves—but what's between!"

Punch gives some good advice to women in looking for suitable husbands. Among other things he says:

"The man who don't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you to marry on any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love. But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is very sure to make the best husband.—Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your best to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart within it.

"Dar ar," said a sable orator, addressing his breathren, "Two roads tro' dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdiction, and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction." "Ef dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud indiwidual takes to de woods."

All Out.—A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No; he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, Sir; she's out too." "Well, I'll just step in, and take a warm at the fire till they come in." "Faith, Sir, and that's out too!"

"I wish to look at some shoes for Sissy," said a very important-looking lady entering a village store.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the obliging clerk, instantly displaying a dozen pairs of tiny ankle-ties and baby-boots before the astonished dame.

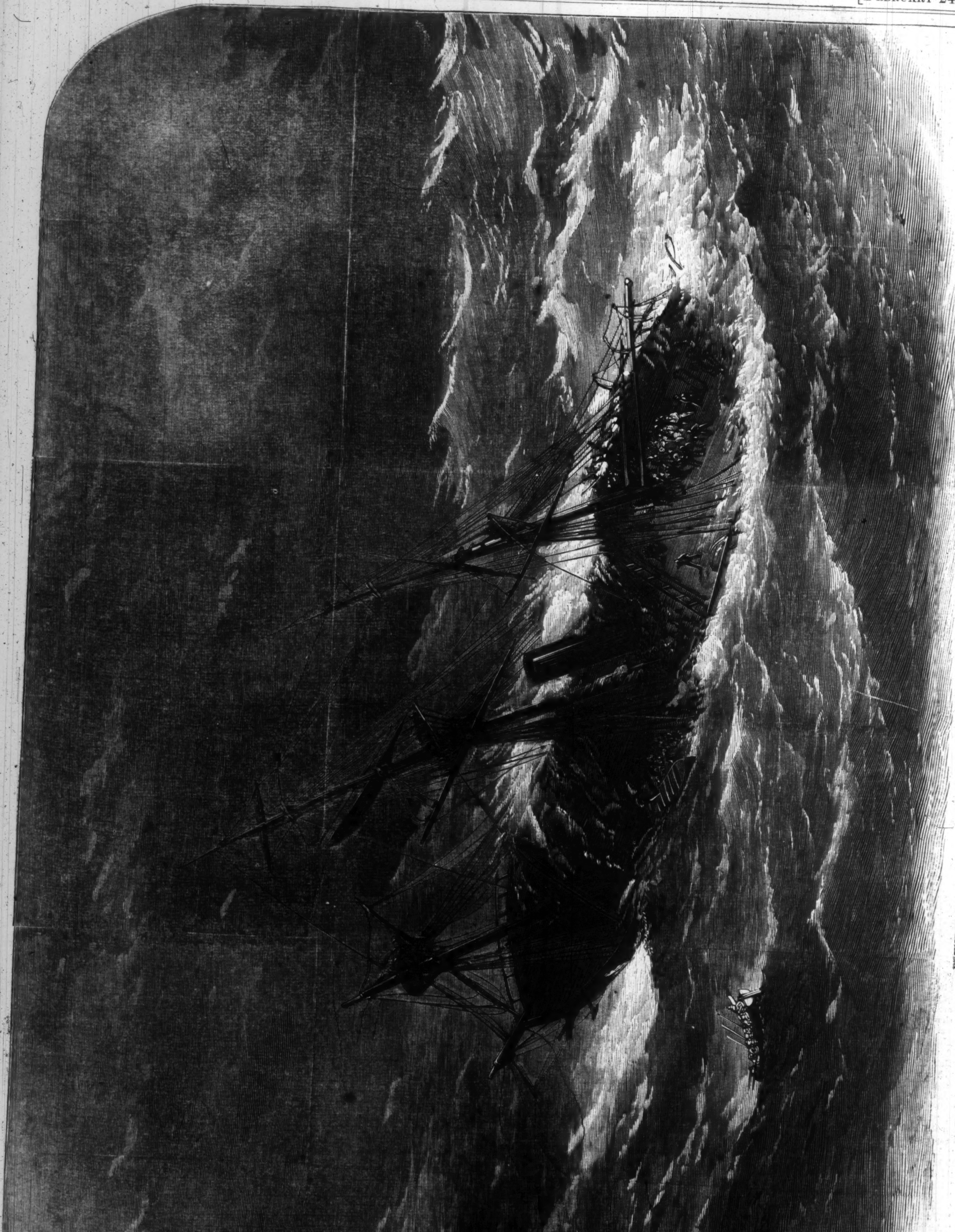
"I don't want *these*, Sir. *Why, Sissy is my daughter, a grown-up young woman, and wears ladies' slippers number six!*"

"No man can do any thing against his will," said a metaphysician to an Irishman. "By Jabers! I had a brother," said Pat, "that wint to Botany Bay, and faith I know it was greatly against his own will."

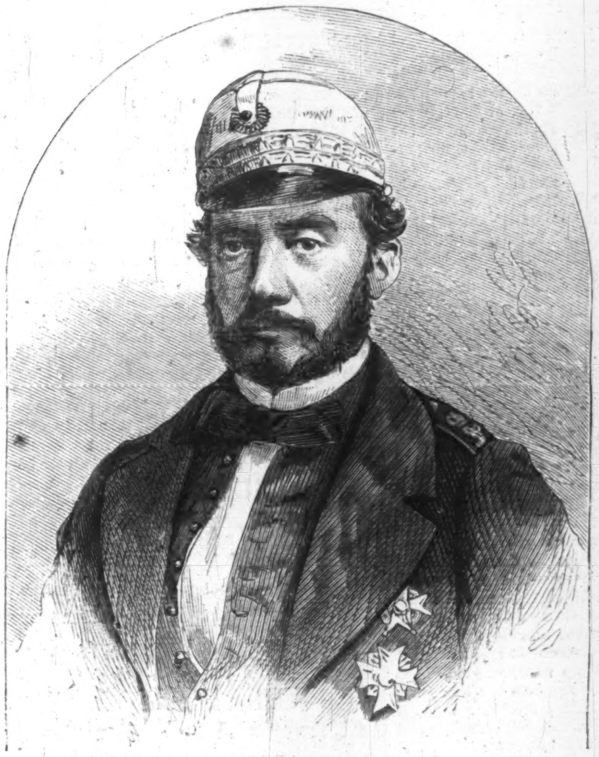
"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down." "I will not," was the reply. "Then stop till I ask you a second time." The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position until that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and folded.

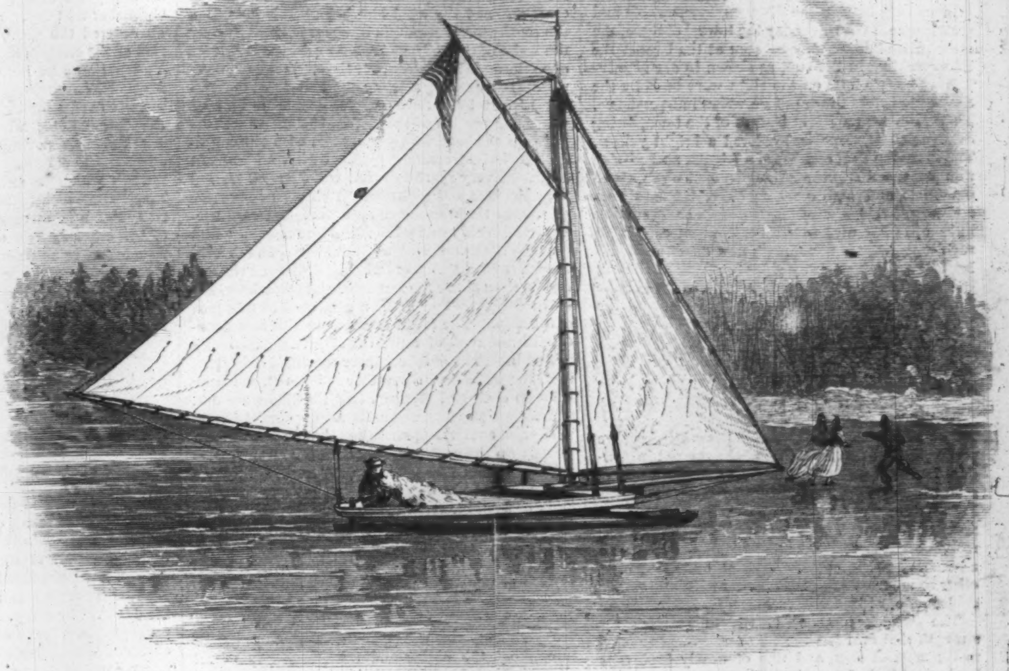
A Dogma.—An opinion laid down with a snarl.



FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.—[SEE PAGE 126.]



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PRIM.—[Photographed by Fredricks & Co.]



ICE-YACHT ON THE HUDSON.

GENERAL PRIM.

Don Juan Prim, the leader in the late attempt to overturn the Spanish Government, bore the rank of Lieutenant-General in the national army of Spain. He is Viscount del Brusch, Count de Reus, Marques de Los Castillejos, and Grandee of Spain of the first class. He was born at Reus, in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. He fought against the adherents of Don Carlos in the six years of civil war, terminating in 1839. At the close of the war he was elected Deputy to several successive Parliaments. In 1844 he is said to have been seriously implicated in a conspiracy against Narvaez, then at the head of the Government, the upshot of which was an attempt to assassinate the Prime Minister as he was driving to the Opera one evening, by firing at his carriage in the Calle de Ballesta. Narvaez himself and the present Minister of State, Bermudez De Castro, who sat in the front seat with him, escaped with their lives. Not so Narvaez's aid-de-camp, Rasetti, who was in the back seat and was shot dead on the spot. Prim was tried with others, convicted of participation in the murder, and condemned to death; but Narvaez, either out of a very extreme magnanimity or possibly from some intimate conviction of Prim's innocence, induced the Queen to cancel the sentence.

In 1854 General Prim was sent as Spanish Military Commissioner to the camp of the Allies during the Crimean war. On his return from the East he passed through Paris, where, in 1856, he married a Mexican lady, Senora Echevarria, who brought him a dowry of $600,000, with expectations of no less a fortune from her mother, and $1,000,000 from each of her two uncles. He was promoted to his present rank in the army in 1856, and in 1858 was raised to the Senate. In 1861 the joint expedition to Mexico of England, France, and Spain was projected, and Prim was sent out in command of the Spanish contingent, being charged at the same time with the duties of a Minister Plenipotentiary. How Prim proceeded to Mexico with the French and English contingents, and came back with the latter, leaving to the former alone the task of a complete subjugation of Mexico and the installment of an Austrian dynasty there, are matters of well-known contemporary history.

Under the Ministry presided over by Señor Mon, Prim was again implicated in some underhand manœuvre which caused him to be banished or "confined" to Oviedo. He was recalled by Narvaez, during his last Administration, and is nevertheless said to have joined O'Donnell in the efforts made by the latter to oust his rival, by fair means or foul. Soon after O'Donnell's accession to power, however, Prim seemed to recall to memory his former political predilections; he leagued himself with Espartero, and threw himself with all his influence into the interests of the Progressistas.

It was on January 2 that General Prim left Madrid on his "shooting excursion," and placed himself at the head of the mutinous cavalry regiments at Aranjuez. His insurrection has not been supported with any great force, and he has retired to Portugal.

SAILING ON THE ICE.

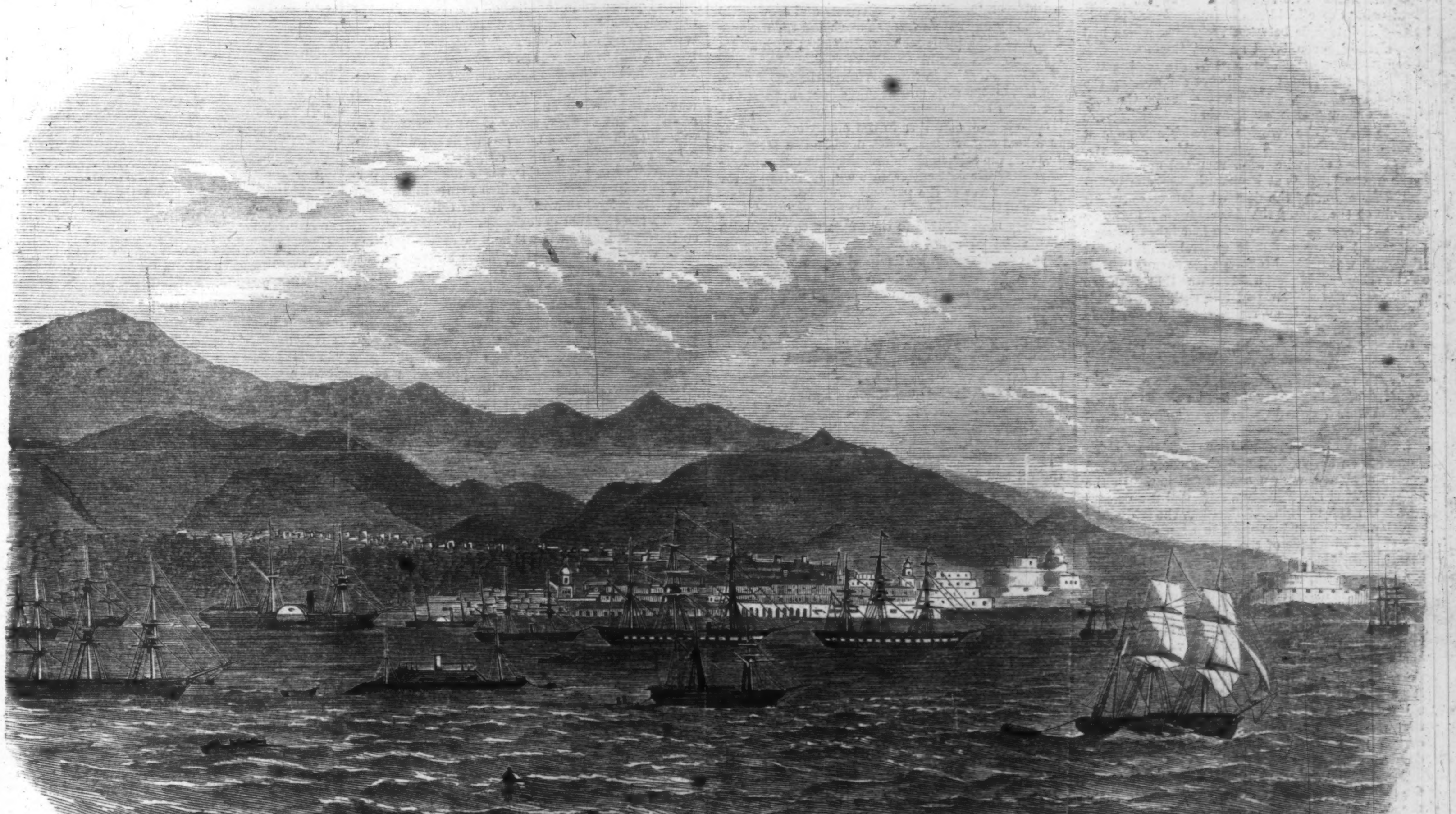
An engraving which we publish on this page illustrates one of the most exciting of winter recreations on the Hudson. It represents a boat on skates, so to speak, and impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. With a strong wind and smooth ice these novel craft glide along with almost fearful velocity, attaining a speed said to equal, if not exceed, a mile per minute, or greater than that of the most rapid locomotive.

These ice-yachts on the Hudson are all made on the same general plan. A light frame, 13 feet long, partially floored, is secured to a transverse plank, 13 feet in length, by two bolts and rubber springs. To this movable runners are attached, thereby giving an easy motion to the boat. The stern rests on a third runner, which forms the apex of an equilateral triangle. By this the helmsman guides his boat in perfect safety while flying literally with the speed of the wind.

Poughkeepsie, New York, claims precedence in the proper construction of these glacial yachts. Great rivalry exists among the ice-boatmen, each striving to lead the "fleet" in the constantly-occurring races during the winter season.

THE HARBOR OF CALLAO.

Peru, having entered into an alliance with Chili, has declared war against Spain. The Peruvian and Chilean fleets have effected a junction, and all Spaniards residing in the province of Lima have been forbidden to leave the country. As our readers are aware this war is in consequence of the seizure of the Chincha Islands, with their valuable deposits of guano, by the Spanish fleet, as a material guarantee for the compensation which is claimed on behalf of some Spanish subjects lately resident in Peru. These circumstances give some additional interest to our engraving of the Harbor of Callao, the chief Peruvian sea-port. The town of Callao, when not covered with mist and cloud, which is too often the case, presents a pretty and pleasing aspect



THE HARBOR OF CALLAO—THE PERUVIAN FLEET AT ANCHOR.

from the water. The streets, indeed, are dirty in the extreme; but the view of the country around, studded with trees and verdure, and bounded by ranges of deep blue hills in the distance, is agreeable and picturesque. On a clear day the towers of Lima, the metropolis of Peru, may be seen at the base of the hills sparkling in the sun, as shown in our engraving. The two forts on the right were built by the Spaniards before the era of Peruvian independence. They form a prominent feature of the town, being constructed of stone and colored a bright yellow. The Peruvian fleet consists of a frigate, an iron-clad ram on the *Merrimac* principle, and one or two gun-boats and mail-packets converted into war-steamers, besides a sailing brig. The Peruvians have also attempted to build a Monitor, carrying a revolving turret; but though now afloat, and with her turret fixed, she is capable of so small an amount of speed as to be of little or no service should the Spaniards take it into their heads to bombard the port of Callao.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "LONDON."

FOR many years no shipwreck has created a more profound sensation than that of the steamship *London*, bound for Australia, which foundered at sea soon after leaving the British Channel, and on the 11th of January went down with over two hundred souls on board. The late fearful gales off the European coast have left behind them many a signal monument of their power for destruction, but none other so memorable as the disaster which forms the subject of our illustration on page 124.

The *London* was one of the finest ships for strength that ever left the Thames. She belonged to WIGRAM & SON, and was of nearly 3000 tons burden. She had been built about a year, and had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and her success had realized the great expectations which had been entertained respecting her as a vessel competent to steam around the Southern Capes to Australia. But the gales off the British coast proved fatal to a vessel that had successfully encountered the difficulties of this southern voyage.

The *London* left the East India Docks December 28, commanded by Captain MARTIN, an Australian navigator of great experience, and, as the event proved, a man of great moral courage. As the night of the 30th was unusually wild, and the wind dead ahead, the vessel brought up at the Nore, and remained there the whole of the next day, which was Sunday. There were two clergymen on board, the Rev. Dr. WOOLLEY, Principal of Sydney University, and the Rev. Mr. DRAPER, and both took part in the usual Sunday services. At daybreak on Monday, the 1st of January, the anchor was weighed, and the ship steamed down the Channel still against a head wind, but making fair way. While passing outside the Isle of Wight the wind increased to half a gale, and Captain MARTIN deemed it prudent to put back and lay-to for the night in St. Helen's Roads.

On the morning of January 2 the vessel proceeded into the open Channel; and as she ran down, the wind, which was at first light, increased blowing a gale right ahead, with a rolling sea, all the way to Plymouth. Here she took on the first and second class passengers who had arranged to join her at Plymouth. Some incidents in connection with this halt—this interlude between the storm which had been already encountered and the storm that was to come—are worthy of record as illustrating the apparently fortuitous disposition of our lives by the hand of Providence. How fortunate for the second-class male passenger who, apprehending the possible fate of the vessel, resigned his passage at Plymouth and returned home! How fortunate, also, for the lady who, after repeated applications to the owners' agents at Plymouth, was finally excluded from among the doomed passengers by the Captain on the ground that his cabins were already full! and for a young man who had taken passage on account of some family quarrel, and who at Plymouth was induced to forego his voyage! But, on the other hand, what a fate it was that, with the persistence of Nemesis, had followed, and on this occasion succeeded in overtaking, a poor old couple with their three children, who had, on two occasions previously, attempted in vain to go upon the voyage, and each time in a vessel that was wrecked before it reached its destination, but who succeeded the third time in gaining a passage upon the *London*, and were drowned with their unfortunate companions!

At midnight on Friday, January 5, the *London* proceeded on her voyage, and on Sunday the wind again threatened, with a head-sea rising. In the night the wind increased to a gale, and the sea still rose. On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th, while the Captain was endeavoring to keep the ship in her course by means of the screw, the violence of the gale carried away at one sweep the jib-boom, the foretop-mast, the gallant-mast, and the royal-mast. It was impossible to again secure these. At this crisis, the gale all the while continuing to increase, with a sea running mountains high, the Captain seems, for the first time, to have become seriously alarmed, though he had not been in bed the previous night. Still the engines were kept steaming ahead, and there was no anxiety felt as to the ultimate safety of the ship. About the middle of the afternoon a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying the port life-boat clean away from the davits.

The next morning, the 10th, the Captain turned the ship about for Plymouth. In half an hour after the ship's course had been altered another blow from the sea carried away a second life-boat and stove in the starboard cutter. At noon a heavy cross-sea was running, with the wind dead astern, which caused the ship to roll heavily and much impeded her progress. But no danger was even now anticipated, and all through the evening of Wednesday and long after nightfall the ship continued to steam slowly ahead, the Captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts and the passengers appearing to have full reliance upon the skill of Captain MARTIN to bring them safely to port. At 10.30 P.M., the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross-sea, and the wind blowing a whole gale from the southwest, a mountain of water fell heavily over the waist of the ship, and spent its destructive force upon the main hatchway over the engine-room, completely demolishing this massive structure, measuring 12 feet by 8 feet, and flooding with tons of water this portion of the ship. Instant endeavors to repair the hatchway were made, with a promptitude and vigor commensurable with the imminent crisis. Every spare sail that could be got at, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture, but each succeeding sea shipped by the vessel tore away the frail resource of the moment, and not more than ten minutes after the hatchway had been destroyed the water had risen above the furnaces, and up to the waists of the engineers and firemen employed in this part of the ship. The lower decks were also now flooded with the rush of water the ship was continually taking in. The chief engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck and reported that his fires were out, and his engines rendered useless. Captain MARTIN, with calm conviction, remarked that he was not surprised; on the contrary, he had expected such a result. Finding his noble ship at length little more than a log on the water, Captain MARTIN immediately ordered his maintop-sail to be set, in the hope of keeping her before the wind. The difficult work had scarcely been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbons, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay-to throughout the remainder of the night. The donkey-engine, supplied with steam by a boiler upon deck, and all the deck-pumps, were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, now aroused to a sense of their imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labors. Notwithstanding every effort the water still gained upon the pumps, and the gale continuing at its height, cross-seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel, which at length succumbed to the unequal conflict. From this moment the motion of the ship was low and heavy, and she refused to rise to the action of the waves. At a quarter after 4 o'clock on Thursday morning she was struck by a stern sea which carried away four of her stern posts, and admitted a flood of water through the breach. From this time all efforts were useless; and at day-break Captain MARTIN, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the cuddy, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, responding to the universal appeal, calmly announced the cessation of all human hopes. It is a remarkable fact that this solemn admission was as solemnly received, a resigned silence prevailing throughout the assembly, broken only at brief intervals by the well-timed and appropriate exhortations of the Rev. Mr. DRAPER, whose spiritual services had been necessary during the previous twenty-four hours.

The next morning, the fatal 11th, the Captain informed those in his charge that the ship was sinking and they must prepare for the worst. A life-boat was lowered with five men in her, but was immediately swamped, though the men were got on board again. Was there no hope, then, in that last resort, the life-boats? Then indeed the situation was desperate. All the passengers and crew gathered as by one consent in the main saloon, weeping and with pale, panic-stricken faces, but with no tumult, no frantic exhibition of terror.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the water gaining fast on the ship, and no signs being apparent of the storm subsiding, a small band of men determined to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down without a struggle. Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, into which sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers succeeded in getting, and they launched her clear of the ship. These nineteen men shouted to the Captain to come with them; but with that heroic courage which was his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God-speed and safe to land!" The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crests of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone 80 yards, or been five minutes off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crowd of human beings, from whom one confused cry of helpless terror arose, and all was silent forever. Those in the boat were saved, being rescued the next day by the Italian bark *Adrianople*. Among those lost, numbering all together 220, was the distinguished actor GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOK and his sister. The cause of the wreck of the *London* was probably the large amount of iron on board.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THE PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON, nine in number, which we give on our first page are now for the first time grouped together in a single series. Two of these portraits have, we think, never been engraved before. One of these, painted by JOHN CUSTIS, represents WASHINGTON in the regalia of a Freemason. It was for many years in the BERNARD family mansion, at Fredericksburg. The other is a copy of one painted soon after the battle of Princeton (whether by CHARLES WILSON PEALE or V. M. POLK is uncertain), and believed to be the only original picture of WASHINGTON in his full uniform as Commander-in-Chief, except that in possession of the AUDUBON family. The original painting was burned in the house of EDMUND J. LEE in 1864 by HUNTER's forces. But two years before an excellent copy of it was painted at Washington for Hon. CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale. This and the AUDUBON picture were painted at about the same time, while General WASHINGTON was on the AUDUBON farm, after the battle of Princeton. The AUDUBON picture, we understand, is for sale. These two pictures were considered to be the best portraits of WASHINGTON during the active portion of his life.

The portrait which is known to have been painted by C. W. PEALE, in 1772, represents WASHINGTON at forty years of age, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel of that day. PEALE was a remarkable man. He entered the Revolutionary War at an early period of the contest, and from studies commenced at Valley Forge he painted another full-length portrait of WASHINGTON as Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Princeton. This latter portrait is in the National Institute at Washington.

DE MERE's portrait represents WASHINGTON as a young man of twenty-five. The portrait of WASHINGTON which is most familiar to every body is STUART's, which represents him at a very late period. This is more massive and grand than any of the others. The original head is in the Boston Athenæum in an unfinished state. The celebrated "Pitcher" portraits were copied from STUART's.

The portrait by SHARPLESS, painted in the latter part of the last century, was considered by his family the most faithful likeness of any extent.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone was sleeping out one night in the course of his explorations a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Pecksniff that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state—a feeling half of numbness, half of contented repose—in which he disregarded pain, and had no considerable dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that, perhaps, the practice of shaking their prey which is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, is a Providential arrangement to spare the necessary victim pain. If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparatively easy death; easy, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be notably the case in some kinds of railway accident. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape unhurt from such a catastrophe relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves faced round the other way, or heels uppermost, or contorted in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is found to be contorted after accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury done, and yet locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been achieved, and a space of time has passed which can not by any means be called instantaneous, for it has sufficed for the crash and tumult of the collision to come to an end, and the transported passenger finds himself settled and stationary. A Scotch physician who was in a bad railway accident some years ago discovered himself sitting at the top of the cutting in which the accident occurred, externally unhurt, as if he could not have been thrown there; indeed, from the nature of the case, he could not have been. How he had got there he had no conception; and it seemed quite certain that he had not been carried or in any way helped there. His nervous system was so completely thrown out of gearing that he never recovered from the shock. It can scarcely be doubted that had death come upon him in any form whatever during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the cutting, many yards away from the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal as this, large numbers of persons have had experience which points in the same direction. A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in really dirty weather, sitting on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted, as it were, from his seat by some strange power, such as that which carried the prince and princess in the "Arabian Nights" backward and forward through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among ruinous *débris* of umbrella and cloak, and other impediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, no imminence of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And much the same result follows sometimes from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the head; so that in many very horrible accidents resulting in prolonged "agonies of death," which make every nerve of one's body quiver at the bare recital, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having received just some preparatory jerk, or shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so render him unable to feel the lengthened pangs. And this may very well hold in the case of those who struggle on and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the "subject" under the surgeon's knife makes signs of pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of anæsthetics. It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam macihnery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual sorrow for death. And, in face of the terrible catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, though perhaps not to so high a degree, by fatigue, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially, and to a very high degree, this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the *London* went down, long before a tenth part of the passengers could have become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we may be sure that there were many whose ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intentness of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat inactive spectators of all that went on, were doubtless only half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making clear breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the the ship—all these and many more influences would be at work to reduce persons of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

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